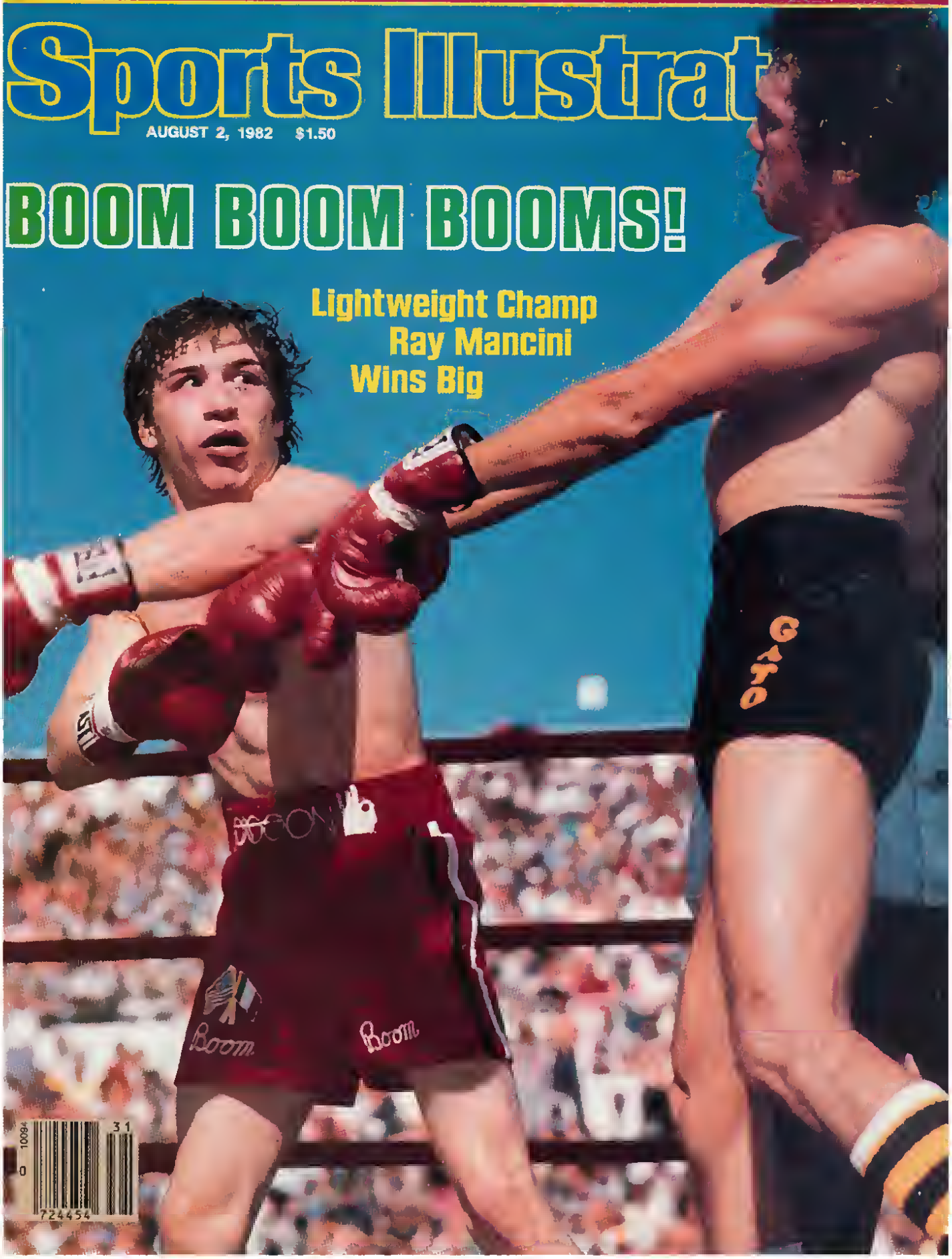
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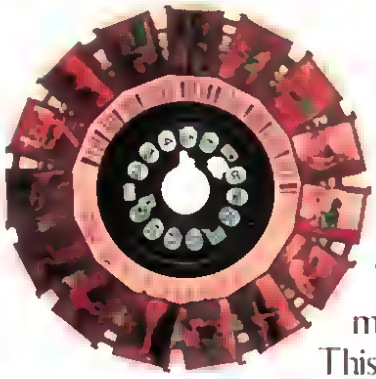
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MERV HYMAN: COMING OFF A 46-YEAR STREAK

Merv Hyman, now 65, went to work for TIME magazine on June 4, 1936 as a copy boy at $15 a week. On his first day, hoping to make a good impression, he went barreling down the hall, turned a corner like Herschel Walker, crashed into Henry R. Luce and impressed him to the floor. Luce was, of course, the founder of that magazine, as well as SI, from which Hyman retires this week as Time Inc.'s oldest employee in years of service—46. Hyman had been hired by TIME as a vacation fill-in, after which he planned to return to New York University. "Fall came," he said the other day, "and no one told me to leave, so I switched to night courses at NYU and stayed on. I never bothered to find out, but I may still be only a temporary employee."

Hyman came to work for SI in the pre-publication days of 1954, and spent 15 years as a writer, nine as chief of research and 4½ as assistant to the managing editor. Few journalists in America have a wider acquaintanceship among the men in positions of authority in intercollegiate athletics. Hyman's specialty. He has been our chief negotiator with collegiate and TV officials in matters having to do with lighting and photographers' positions at major events—concerns of which the public is unaware but which are vital to SI's fast four-color action photography.

All of that, however, fails to encompass what he's meant to so many of us personally. There has been no more receptive and empathetic ear for fellow staff members, whether they were seeking ways of overcoming writer's block or similar in-house problems, or looking for sound and friendly advice or help with outside matters.

Another thing you have to understand about Hyman is that he is somewhat more than ordinarily interested in sports. In the years he was working for TIME he also moonlighted as sports editor of his hometown weekly *Press* in Englewood, N.J., turning out a bylined column and two pages of news each issue, and ran a weekly radio sports show on WPAT, then in Paterson, N.J. While writing or administering departments for us, he rarely missed an NCAA or NIT basketball tournament, always caught a few bowl games, scouted hundreds of teams for our special preseason issues and coauthored books (with Gordon White of *The New York Times*) on football coaches Tom Cahill and Joe Paterno and on Big Ten football.

Hyman is proudest, though, of the accomplishments of the aspiring young journalists he hired at SI. Three are now SI senior editors, one is an associate editor, five are among our top writers and others are writing for newspapers around the country.

Henry Luce was celebrated for his remarkable skill at hiring people who would make his magazines so successful. Maybe that's why he didn't even reprimand Hyman when he picked himself up off the floor on that June day back in 1936.

Philip D. Howlett



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If you train or race, we like the extra firmness and lightness of the 600 Series. The 660 is specially designed for middle- and long-distance runners who like to "feel" the road.

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Audi *Dankeschon*, Road & Track Magazine.*

Rarely, if ever, has a car arrived from Europe with the acclaim as that bestowed upon this newest Audi.

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Ironically, the Quattro arrives in America at a time when virtually every car maker worldwide is frantically redesigning cars *en masse* to incotporate "innovative" front-wheel drive systems.

In truth, it was Audi that pioneered front-wheel drive more than 50 years ago, long before it became a fashionable marketing expedient.

As a result of this considerable head start in drive-system technology, Audi is clearly ahead with its exclusive all-wheel drive concept.

Unlike otdinary "off-road" four-wheel drives, the Quattro's drive train is a sophisticated system designed for maximum "on-road" efficiency.

At the heart of this system is a third differential, located behind the transmission. It distributes power evenly between the front and rear wheels.

The benefits of having the front wheels pulling and the rear wheels pushing simultaneously are numerous. The Quattto delivers remarkable perfotmance in cornering, straight-ahead driving and even in climbing steep, snowy hills.

Because of its all-wheel traction, the Quattro has a hill-climbing factor of 1.75 to 2.10, which means it is far superior to many of today's generation of cars.

The Quattro's tractive forces and response give it outstanding acceleration and speed. Wheel lockup while braking is much less likely; steering response temains neutral through on-off throttle changes; and the tendency to aquaplane is greatly minimized.

Stunning first-year victories in four World Championship Rallyes in Europe have quickly borne witness to the merits of this new Audi technology.

The Quattro is powered by Audi's five-cylinder turbochatged engine, with CIS fuel injection.

It provides 160 horsepower, giving the Quattro fast sprint times: 0 to 50 in 5.3 seconds, and the quarter mile in 15.7 seconds, and a top speed of 128 miles an hour.

Its highway passing ptowess illustrates the engine's strength and elasticity. In fourth gear, the Quattto can go from 35 miles an hour to 62 miles an hour in just 9.6 seconds.

Into this tematkable powerplant, Audi engineets have built many advanced featutes For example, an intercooler, that is normally found only in exotic racing cars. It is a small radiator that can cool the turbocharged intake air by 40°-50° centigrade, thereby providing greater density for improved horsepower.

Notable, too, are the notched pistons in the engine. This allows for engine oil to be spraved onto the bottom of each piston for added cooling.

The Quattro also introduces a compact, five-speed transaxle Its design makes possible a ground clearance of only 5.3 inches for excellent aerodynamics with a low centet of gravity.

As extraordinary as the Quattro is, it is like every Audi in its dedication to the newest ideas in technology and the craftsmanship of its Bavarian coachmakers.

The 5000 Turbo, the new 5000 Turbo Diesel, the GT Coupe and the 4000 Sports Sedan have all been tecognized in the automotive community for their advanced engineering ideas.

Indeed, the Quattro is the definitive statement for high-performance automobiles of this decade and a milestone in the art of engineering.

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*Paul Frere European Ed 6/80

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THIRD DOWN AND 55% TO GO

NFL owners and players no longer seem to be edging toward a strike. They now appear to be rushing toward one. For weeks the NFL Players Association had warned that in the absence of progress toward a new collective bargaining agreement—the old one expired on July 15—it would be prepared to strike after the season begins on Sept. 12, a strategy calculated to cause the owners maximum inconvenience. But last week there were reports that many owners, hoping to beat the union to the punch, favor locking out the players before the season begins. No sooner did those reports surface than NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey said that the union would consider staging work stoppages during training camps "to demonstrate the solidarity of the union." If this sort of one-upmanship continues, there could be a strike last month.

Whatever the exact timetable in the dispute, the question of union solidarity raised by Garvey is foremost in everybody's mind. As matters stood when the latest round of negotiations recessed Friday, the NFLPA was holding firm on its demand that the players receive a fixed 55% of the NFL's gross revenues. The owners remained just as firmly opposed—or as one of them, the Chicago Bears' George Halas, put it, "The players can stick it." A resolution of the impasse doesn't appear likely until the players convince their bosses that they're unshakable in their resolve or, conversely, until there's a break in the ranks that forces them to abandon their percentage-of-gross demand. Unfortunately, with the two sides eyeball-to-eyeball, it may indeed take a lockout or strike—or both—before one of them blinks.

How firm is the union's grip on the rank and file? The players are certainly united in the conviction that they're seriously underpaid, especially in view of the $400 million a year the NFL will take in under its new five-year TV contract. There's no gainsaying the players on that score. In 1980 the average NFL player's salary was $78,000 vs. $108,000 in the NHL, $143,000 in baseball and $186,000 in the NBA. The conventional way for the NFLPA to increase salaries would be to push for the relatively unrestricted free agency that has brought riches to baseball and NBA players. Instead, Garvey went the percentage-of-gross route, arguing that free agency wouldn't work in the NFL. He reasons that because NFL teams share TV income equally, they have little incentive to improve themselves by bidding for free agents. Of course, the NFL has never tried anything akin to true free agency because under the last collective bargaining agreement negotiated in 1977, Garvey consented to compensation to teams losing free agents so stringent as to all but rule out free agency. The possibility that free agency might work in the NFL, however, is underscored by the fact that the owners appear to be just as opposed to it as they are to Garvey's percentage of the gross. As evidence of that opposition, their latest negotiating offer, made two weeks ago, included modest raises in salary minimums and only the slightest easing of free agency restrictions. The players called that offer "insulting."

In playing the sort of waiting game that characterizes labor negotiations, NFL owners may be hoping that they can exploit a lack of enthusiasm among some players for Garvey's percentage-of-gross scheme and thereby break the union. But as last summer's crippling baseball strike demonstrated, such a strategy could backfire. The owners, in other words, are running a serious risk in trying to have it both ways. If they can't go along with the NFLPA's demand for a percentage of gross, they should show a far greater willingness than they have so far to significantly liberalize their league's antiquated free agency procedures.

ANOTHER FRIEND GONE

Joe Dugan, a lifetime .280 hitter and third baseman on the 1927 New York Yankees, which cognoscenti consider the best baseball team ever, died the other day at the age of 85. Among the mourners was 81-year-old Hall of Famer Waite Hoyt, Dugan's one-time Yankee roommate. In a conversation with *The Boston Globe*'s Dan Shaughnessy, Hoyt expressed his sense of loss this way: "Joe and I had some lovely times together and now he's just another one gone—just another friend gone, damn it. You think of a friend like Dugan and you don't think he's ever going to die, and all of a sudden he's not there. A part of me is gone, because I'm a composite of all the guys I ever played with."

BIG JULE AND LITTLE JOE

Remember the scene in *Guys and Dolls* in which Sky Masterson decks a troublesome crapshooter named Big Jule? For the bit of business to work properly, Jule should be a behemoth built along the lines of a professional football player, and indeed, the moonlighting actor who played the role in a recent production in DePere, Wis., was John Meyer, former St. Louis Cardinals and Houston Oilers linebacker and now defensive coordinator of the Green Bay Packers. In the interest of art, the 6′ 2″, 225-pound Meyer



was knocked down in every performance by a blow to the chin delivered by Jeff Staffaroni, a music teacher who weighs nearly 50 pounds less.

By contrast, another former NFL player appearing in a production of *Guys and Dolls* that opened last week in Sacramento was cast in the role of Masterson, not Big Jule. The ex-NFLer was Joe Namath, whose flooring of Jule, played by a West Coast actor named Ralph Netz, nevertheless succeeded in achieving the desired David-and-Goliath effect. Although Netz, a former union negotiator, never played in the NFL, at 6′ 4″ and 280 pounds he looks a lot like one of those de-

continued

fensive linemen who wreaked so much havoc on Namath's knees. Which may be why off-Broadway Joe's one-punch KO was so convincing.

SELECTIVE FLEXIBILITY

It's a melancholy fact of life that the punishment the NCAA imposes on wayward member institutions—e.g., bans on live TV appearances and postseason competition—sometimes injures innocent parties. These include athletes who unsuspectingly enroll at the errant school after the wrongdoing but before penalties are announced, rivals whose games against the school can't be televised and other members of the school's conference. Because conferences usually share TV and postseason revenues, prohibiting one member from generating such income can hurt other members as well.

Some of these injustices are probably unavoidable. One that does seem avoidable, however, is now being inflicted on Fresno State. It isn't on NCAA probation, yet its Sept. 18 football game, one of three road games that a local station, KSEE-TV, Channel 24, hoped to televise live back to Fresno, won't be allowed on the air. Why? Because the opponent is Oregon, which *is* on NCAA probation for a variety of academic and financial improprieties. As a result, Oregon is barred from appearing this season on live TV, whether the telecast be nationwide or limited to a relatively minor market 600 miles away, namely Fresno, Calif.

The situation vexes Fresno State Athletic Director Russ Sloan, who points out that the ban on the Sept. 18 telecast will mainly hurt "our own fans who can't make the Oregon trip." Indeed, the telecast would have been of only the slightest benefit to Oregon, which stood to receive maybe $1,000 in rights and, conceivably, a bit of a recruiting boost in the Fresno area. Nevertheless, David Berst, the NCAA director of enforcement, says that lifting the ban "just isn't going to happen. That's the point of the penalty—keeping Oregon off live television."

Fresno officials say they could more readily accept the NCAA's unyielding position if the organization were similarly inflexible in other such cases. However, they note that when USC was put on probation last April for involvement in a ticket-scalping scheme that produced cash payments to football players, an NCAA-imposed ban on Trojan TV appearances was delayed until 1983 because arrangements had already been made with CBS to televise the game with Notre Dame this Nov. 27. The NCAA says a similar delay could have been arranged to accommodate the KSEE telecast had Oregon requested, but this raises the question of why Fresno State should have been at the mercy of outlaw Oregon in the matter; one would think it should be allowed to seek a dispensation in its own behalf. That the NCAA thus appears to be more solicitous toward wrongdoer than innocent—and, in this case, more solicitous toward USC and CBS than Fresno State and KSEE—understandably rankles Sloan, who says of the delay granted to USC, "It's like telling a judge, 'I can't go to jail next week because I already have tickets to go out on my yacht for a cruise.' "

What can be done? Perhaps KSEE can train its cameras only on Fresno State players, or superimpose black bands across the faces of the Oregon players. Or maybe, better still, the NCAA will bend way over backward and simply allow Channel 24 to air the Sept. 18 game.

NOW JUST A JUMP AWAY

Bob Beamon's near-mythic world record of 29′ 2½″ in the long jump, which it was thought would survive to the millennium and beyond, now appears to be tantalizingly within the reach of 21-year-old Carl Lewis. Indeed, Lewis felt he had surpassed Beamon's feat Saturday night only to be deprived of the mark by a foul call that he and some spectators at the National Sports Festival in Indianapolis considered questionable. As it was, the University of Houston junior subsequently made a legal jump of 28′ 9″ that was the second-best ever. That both the disputed jump and the legal one came within 90 minutes of a 4 × 100-meter relay in which Lewis competed lends credence to his expressions of growing confidence that he will break Beamon's record soon enough, possibly at a meet at UCLA on Aug. 7.

Because of a scheduling conflict in Indianapolis, Lewis was obliged to sandwich the relay between the first and second of his six attempts in the long jump. On his first jump, he fouled. Then 15 minutes later he ran the second leg on a 4 × 100 relay team that clocked 38.27. He and the three other runners—Tennessee's Mike Miller, Alabama's Calvin Smith and Houston's Stanley Floyd—were keenly disappointed at having failed to break the world record of 38.03. By the time Lewis returned for his second jump, other competitors were already into their third jump. Admonished by an official to hurry, Lewis fouled on his second attempt and ran through his third.

Then came the jump on which Lewis felt he broke Beamon's record—by, believe it or not, nearly a foot. But the judge raised the foul flag, prompting Lewis to sink to his knees and gesture with outstretched arms, as if to ask, "What's wrong this time?" He demanded to see the offending footprint on the claylike tracing material at the edge of the takeoff board that would have proved that he'd over-stepped. There was none, but the official stuck to his guns. "That was a world-record jump," Lewis insisted later. Based on his own instincts and on the possibly generous estimates of some onlookers, Lewis said he felt the jump was an astonishing 30′ 2″. To be on the safe side for his next jump, he moved his starting mark back four inches. Then, taking off four inches before the board, he hit his legal 28′ 9″. To complete his series, he made a halfhearted try on his sixth jump, which was measured at 28′ ¼″.

Lewis' performance in Indianapolis' 710-foot altitude—Beamon made his leap in the helpfully rarefied air of Mexico City (alt. 7,347 feet)—leaves him with the seven best jumps after Beamon's. Lewis attributes his most recent improvement to an increase in the length of his approach ("It makes my run so much faster") and his having reduced the number of meets he's entering to concentrate more on training. Whatever the explanation, Lewis says of the prospect of breaking Beamon's record, "It's just a matter of staying calm." His confidence doesn't seem at all excessive. What for 14 years had been the impossible now suddenly appears to be only too probable.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Rice, injury-plagued Red Sox slugger, asked if there was someplace he wasn't hurting: "Yeah. At the bank."

• Luke Appling, 75, panting from the exertion of circling the bases after hitting a home run against Warren Spahn, 61, in the Old-Timers Baseball Classic in Washington: "I'm sure glad the season is over." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 2, 1982

A Shining



Ray Of Hope

In Ohio's depressed Mahoning Valley, the return of WBA lightweight champ Boom Boom Mancini was a joy, as he beat Ernesto España by RALPH WILEY



CONTINUED

Last Saturday afternoon, in a ring set up in a high school football stadium in Warren, Ohio, 10 miles from Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini's hometown of Youngstown, the Mahoning Valley's favorite son made the first defense of the WBA lightweight title he had won on May 8 from Art Frias. The sun shone gloriously down on the 20,000 fans who paid up to $50 (in an area where unemployment is approaching 20%) to see Boom Boom take on former champion Ernesto España, the WBA's No. 1 contender.

Mancini's final barrage of hooks—18 in all—obliged referee Stanley Christodoulou to stop the fight after the bell had actually sounded to end the round.

Because España is 5′ 10″ and Mancini 5′ 6″, Boom Boom didn't intend to wade in and try to knock his head off, as he did against the shorter Frias. "He's a tree," Mancini had said, "and you don't chop a tree from the top." Instead, he would patiently counter España's jab with his own, and with that most basic of punches, the one he wasn't supposed to have in punching, because he had trained as if he were preparing for a holy war. Murphy Griffith, Mancini's "pure conditionist," drew up an arduous regimen. At Grossinger's in upstate New York, Mancini ran up and down a 60-degree incline with 90-pound sacks of sand on his back. He beat two tires with a baseball bat for punishing four-minute "rounds." And he ran and ran on the road.

"Got to have this one," Mancini told a pep rally at the stadium on Thursday. "Money is no god of mine. I just want to



Mancini was confident he wouldn't let his people down. "I ain't no Gerry Cooney," he said two days before the fight. "I'm no white hope. I have black and Hispanic fans, too, because they know I battled for what I've got. That's why I made them bring me home to defend the title. These are my people, blue collars, the best fight fans. They know I'm an honest workman."

Mancini was that and much more. He parried España's every thrust before battering him against the ropes to win on a TKO at 2:59 of the sixth round. In fact, championship supply, he controlled the fight.

The first two rounds saw Mancini execute the counterjab to perfection. España's left was adroitly slipped or picked off, and Mancini's answering left would arrow in, lifting España and his guard up. Then came hooks from all over. Mancini landed at a ratio of two to one at first and increased the percentage with each round. "I heard him moan and groan when I hit him in the body," Mancini said.

He was in shape to do high-volume

be comfortable. I want my parents to be comfortable. I wanted to buy them a winter home in Florida. They said no. Maybe I can change their minds.

"If I win this fight, it's all there. I'm not long for this game. When my accountants tell me I'm comfortable—not rich, just comfortable—that's the day I quit."

Mancini's purse was $200,000 against 40% of the live gate and overseas TV rights. He could gross as much as $400,000. The fight was telecast to Venezuela and Italy, where Mancini is revered and may fight next.

In the second round, a cut Frias had opened over Mancini's left eye came undone, and a small slit appeared under the champ's right eye. They gave España something to consider, even if he was unable to land on those areas. He didn't hurt Mancini until late in the third when he caught the champion coming out of a weave with a chopping right. "I was staggered," Mancini said, "but I snapped his head back with a jab and went downstairs. Then, in the fourth, he hit me again and nothing was there. I knew it was time."

This was when Boom Boom bloomed. España smiled through Mancini's first hook combination—left to the body, and right to the temple—but then Boom Boom placed his head on España's chest and sent seven whistling hooks to the jaw at the end of the round. Christodoulou, the South African who was officiating his 21st world title bout, had anticipated the bell and was stepping in. The bell, barely audible and possibly late, sounded as España was being walked toward his stool.

From there it was only a matter of how and when Mancini would end it. On his way to the corner after the fifth, a round in which he twice landed 10 or more unanswered blows, Mancini looked over his shoulder to see if España would make it to his stool. With more than two minutes gone in the sixth, the champion began his final assault with a keen, over-the-top right. España's long legs buckled as he stood near his own corner and didn't consolidate themselves until after Mancini had drummed España across the ring to a neutral corner. Christodoulou stepped in to stop the bout almost simultaneously with the bell's sounding, which the referee never heard, and España's corner's throwing in the towel.

"His neck muscles relaxed," Christodoulou said of España. "I gave him every chance. His eyes were glazed. He was willing, but he wasn't ready. He was virtually defenseless, and his corner put up no argument."

España earned $250,000, the biggest payday of his career. Nearly 28, his skills faded, his glory past, he announced his retirement after the fight. As for Mancini, who ran his record to 24–1, with 19 KOs, untold splendor and uncounted wealth lay ahead.

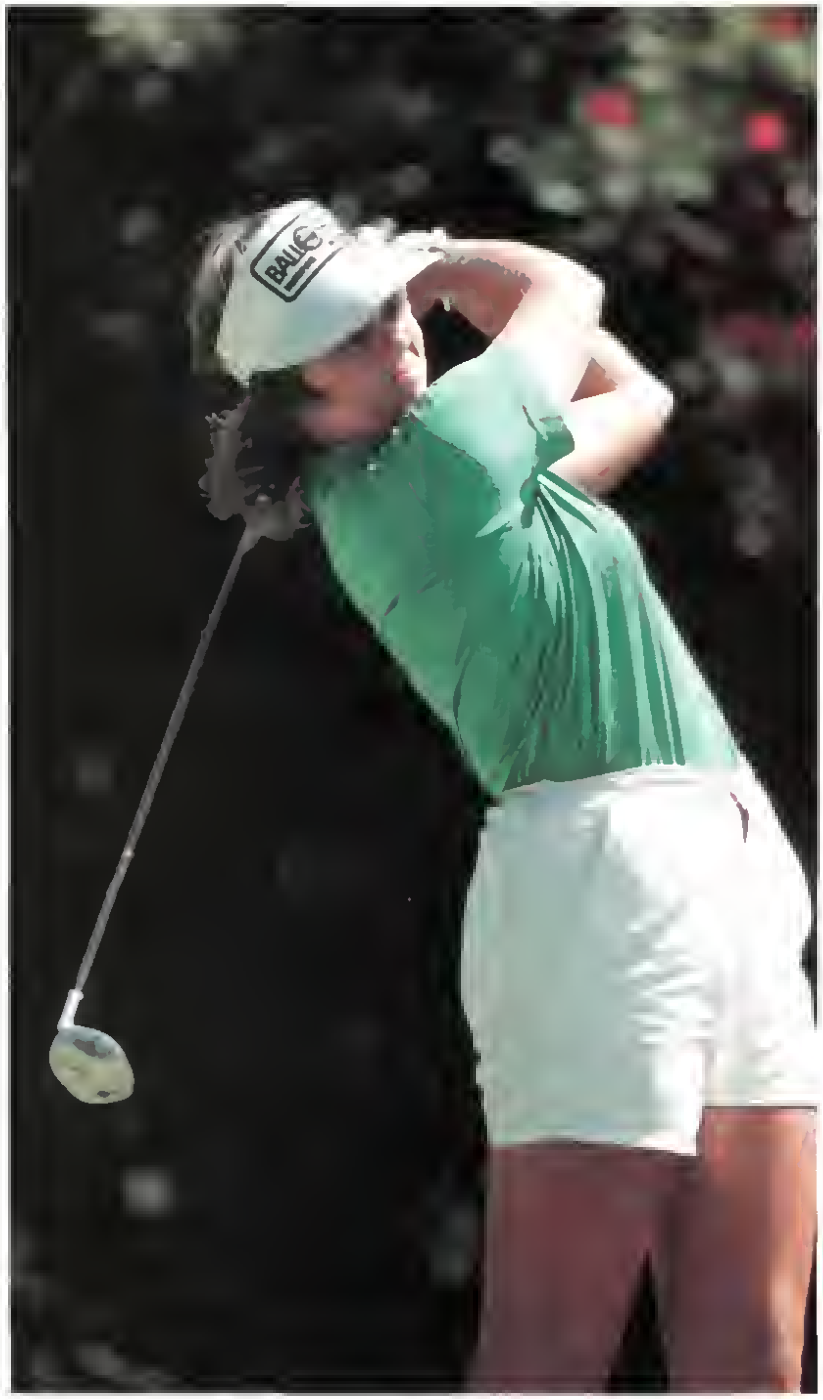
And with the uncertainty of Sugar Ray Leonard's future, Boom Boom has become perhaps the top attraction in American boxing.

"My division can be profitable," he said, flashing tiger's eyes. "Right now, I feel good. Did I start running around the ring after the fight? Did I? I don't even remember."

Those who had to scrape to pay their way into the stadium know that he ran around and will always remember that triumphant moment. "Ray is a better boxer than he knows himself," Griffith said. "He fought the perfect strategic fight, fought it to the T. Follow the jab in, bang the liver and kidneys, find the head when it shows. He was beautiful." END



In the waning moments of the sixth round, Mancini belabors España (left), the challenger's corner throws in the towel (center) and the referee atops the unequal fight.



In The End It Was Alex In Wonderland

The Women's Open got curiouser and curiouser as Janet Alex, a five-year non-winner, up and stole the show from the two favorites on the final day

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Unless you're her husband or live in West Sunbury, Pa., you probably hadn't even heard of Janet Alex before she won the U.S. Women's Open golf championship Sunday. So here's the curriculum vitae: She's 26, has a Gay Brewer loop in her swing and has been on the wrong side of par most of her four-and-a half years as a pro. Also, her last victnry of any kind came in 1977, in an amateur event in Wheeling, W. Va. called the Horne's Classic.

This does not sound like the stuff of which Open champions are made. But last week at the Del Paso Country Club in Sacramento, Calif., Alex played her way out of obscurity with a ferocious final-round 68 that left the tour's rich and famous gasping.

Her late charge enabled her to overtake such luminaries as Beth Daniel and JoAnne Carner. She started Sunday two strokes behind Daniel and one in back of Carner, and everyone assumed the tournament belonged to one of the two idols. But they both bogeyed their way home, falling apart on the last holes, and Alex won by six shots. This is not a misprint.

Daniel and Carner wound up in a four-way tie for second place with Sandra Haynie and Donna White at one-over-par 289. The result was especially bitter for Carner, who led the tournament most of the way and was trying to win her third Open and her ninth USGA title, which would have tied her with Bobby Jones. She also needed one more victory to enter the LPGA Hall of Fame. "It's like you fight so long, and then you can't fight any longer," said Carner, explaining her bogeys on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th holes.

Alex' victory ranks with such classic Open surprises as Jack Fleck's upset of Ben Hogan in the 1955 men's tournament and French amateur Catherine LaCoste's winning of the women's title in '67. Walking down the 18th fairway, knowing that she could five-putt and still quaff the champagne, Alex was almost

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

faint as she took in the applause. She turned to her caddie, Bill Buskey, and said, "Will you putt out for me?" Said Buskey afterward, "The dark horse had become light."

While Alex was performing her heroics, Daniel was demonstrating she's a firm believer in golf's code of ethics by calling a penalty on herself. She was leading the tournament at four-under and addressing a 10-foot birdie putt on the 8th hole when, almost imperceptibly, the ball moved.

"The ball moved," Daniel called out immediately. USGA President William Campbell walked over and assessed a one-stroke penalty. "It shook me up for a couple of holes," Daniel said later. The sting lasted a good deal longer than that. She didn't have a birdie the rest of the way, and after Alex birdied 13 and 15, Daniel slipped back with bogeys on the 13th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Alex' final-round 68 was one of the best finishes in Open history, though it didn't quite match the 66 Pat Bradley had in winning last year. Alex had six birdies on Sunday against two bogeys and ran on confidence all day long. "This was no fluke," said her playing companion, Carole Jo Callison. "She could have shot 62 with no sweat."

The big turnaround came on the par-5 13th, where Alex rolled in a five-foot birdie putt. A few minutes later, Carner three-putted the same hole from 18 feet for her bogey, while Daniel also missed a short one for par. With that, Alex had the lead—for good.

This may have been the first major title won by long distance. Alex' husband, Chuck, is a driving-range pro back in Butler, Pa. and also the guy who straightens out the kinks in his wife's game. Each night Alex would call home from Sacramento, get some advice and put it to use the next day. Her driving in the tournament was especially precise, a plus at any Open. And whenever she appeared to be on the verge of cracking, she would roll in a big putt. Not once did she make two bogeys in a row, a key to low scoring. "People kept saying, 'Who is she? She's a nobody,' " Alex said. "I liked being in that position."

Alex' victory, which brought her $27,315, was in character with what will be remembered as a different sort of U.S. Open. On Thursday the name of Vicki Tabor went up on the leader board. Tabor, a former anti-shoplifting detective, was playing in her first Open, although she has been a pro for four years. She led the first round until a couple of late bogeys. "Trying to prove something to myself," she said. Then Carner took over. Big Momma was in front for virtually the next three days, despite spraying shots all over the lot and causing all sorts of consternation for her husband, Don, who at one point walked off the course rather than watch any more. "Why persecute yourself?" he asked.



Big Momma was in the hunt until she lost her grip on Sunday.

Which is more or less what some players thought they were doing even by appearing at Del Paso. The course lies directly in the takeoff pattern of jets from nearby McClellan Air Force Base. In addition, it's shoehorned in among several major thoroughfares. Aside from the difficulty of trying to putt amid the resultant din, a number of the players felt that many of the Del Paso holes were simply too short—the par-4 9th, for instance, was only 294 yards—and complained that the 6,342-yard layout was bland and uninteresting: no ocean lapping at the fairways, no railroad ties to shore up the greens, and not a pot bunker anywhere on the premises. "It's boring," said two-time Open champion Hollis Stacy before play began. "I can't even get excited."

Stacy probably wished she could have bitten her tongue on Thursday when she shot a 78 that was followed by a 73 on Friday, all of which prompted her to write on the back of her scorecard, "I hate this [bleeping] course. Why the [bleep] did I ever play here?" Well, at least she got excited.

As was the temperamental Lori Garbacz, the LPGA's answer to Tom Weiskopf. Garbacz got into the trees on the 2nd hole Friday, and by the time she finally managed to get done with the hole, she had used up 10 strokes. After finishing her round of 84, she marched into the press room, handed her LPGA card to an official and announced she was quitting the tour. "I expect this to be a short retirement," the official said.

That same official may also have expected that Sunday would turn out to be a simple last-round race—with no real chance for anybody except a pair of someday Hall of Famers, Carner and Daniel. Then Alex stepped in, whoever she was. At the end of the day, everyone knew. END



Heavenly Days For The Angels

Veteran stars like Reggie Jackson (left) have taken California to the top of the American League West

by JIM KAPLAN

It's 3:30 on a weekday afternoon, fully four hours before game time, and already the mostly middle-aged—by baseball standards—members of the California Angels are filtering into their clubhouse. Soft rock is playing on a stereo, and in the center of the room a lively bridge game is in progress.

Pitcher Andy Hassler, 30, one of about half a dozen elegantly balding Angels, is explaining to a visitor why his team is prospering. "I don't know what you'd call it," he says. "Cohesiveness, I guess. We've got guys who are used to playing with. . . ."

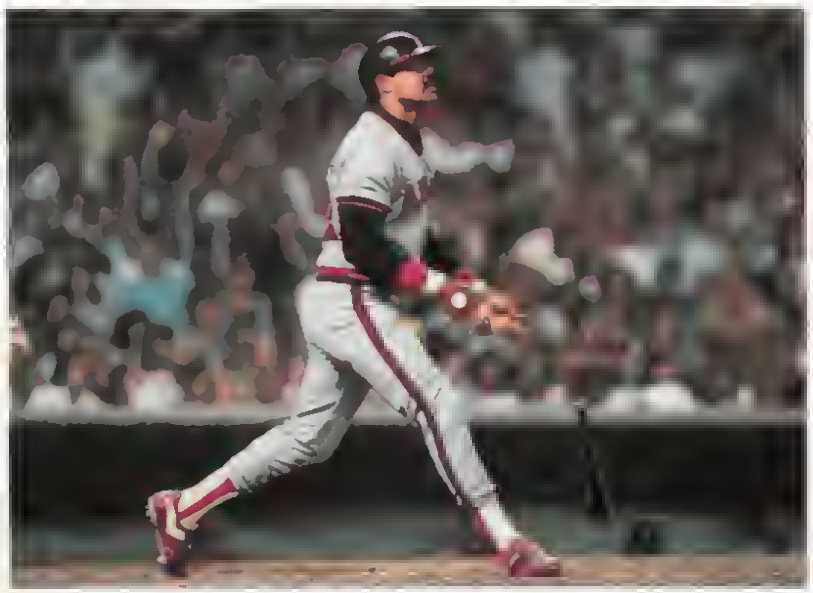
"Your deal," Shortstop Tim Foli breaks in. "Bridge comes before any interviews."

But not before baseball. Despite early-season losing streaks of seven and eight games, California was leading the American League's Western Division by two games at week's end. And in the process the Angels were justifying every hope and quashing every fear that had attended them during the preseason.

How, it was asked back then, could a team with four former Most Valuable Players—Rightfielder Reggie Jackson (Oakland, 1973), Centerfielder Fred Lynn (Boston, 1975), First Baseman Rod Carew (Minnesota, 1977) and DH Don Baylor (California, 1979)—possibly lose? Ah, but how could a club with a lineup







averaging 33 years of age and a suspect pitching staff possibly win?

For the answer, consider what happened in Baltimore early last week. The Angels took two of three from the Orioles, baseball's hottest team since May 13. In the opener Jackson, 36, hit his third homer of the season off Scott McGregor—the same Scotty who once ate Reggie with his evening haggis. What's more, Jackson singled twice off tough McGregor pitches and made the key play of the game by alertly advancing from first to second on a fly ball. The move sparked a three-run, eighth-inning California rally and led to a 6–5 Angel victory. "He's got new life," McGregor said of Jackson, the Yankee discard.

The next night the rejuvenated right-hander Dave Goltz, 33, worked into the sixth inning, and the unflappable Hassler pitched 3⅓ innings of superlative relief. The Angels won 7–4 as Jackson started the scoring with a sacrifice fly and every regular had either a hit, a run or a run batted in. Before losing the series finale 8–7, California rallied from a 5–2 deficit to lead 7–5.

Though the Angels dropped the opener of a series in New York 6–3 on Friday night, Jackson retained his share of the league lead with his 23rd homer, a tremendous blast off Shane Rawley, and re-

continued

When Jackson got out the hammer for his fifth home run against New York and 23rd overall, nobody was more admiring than he.





When Umpire Jim McKean incorrectly called Grich out at home on Sunday, Grich flew into a rage and had to be wrestled to the ground by



Mauch appealed to Marty Springstead.

ceived a standing ovation from the 50,314 fans at Yankee Stadium. "I try to be unique and different," said Reggie. Even when the Angels lose, as they did in two of their three outings in New York, they provide theater.

In Anaheim, where California was 31–19 before this week's home stand, the Angels had drawn 1,676,944 in 50 dates—a 33,539 average that projects to a league single-season record of 2,716,659. It's easy to see why they're such an attraction: The nine regulars entered the season with a .278 career average, and through Sunday they were cruising along at a productive .283. There's the 36-year-old Carew, who figures to hit better than .300 for the 14th straight season. There are two bat-control experts in Catcher Bob Boone (.271, 18 sacrifices, five successful squeeze bunts) and Foli (.279, 17 sacrifices, 71 singles). And there are six sluggers who could hit 20 or more homers this year. Jackson, Leftfielder Brian Downing (15), Baylor (14), Lynn (12), Third Baseman Doug DeCinces (12), and Second Baseman Bobby Grich (10). The last club to accomplish that feat was the 1965 Braves. As McGregor says, "You have to be very careful pitching to this team."

At first hearing, Hassler's comment about cohesiveness may seem strange. Only five players remain from the 1979 Angels, who won the American League West, thereby giving California its only championship in its 22-year history. Four starters—Boone, DeCinces, Foli and Jackson, who came from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and New York, respectively—are new to the team. But closeness apparently develops quickly on a club when all nine regulars have played at least seven seasons and have been on one or more division winners. Jackson has been on nine.

Of the four notable newcomers, Boone, 34, who has stabilized the pitching staff, and Jackson have received most of the credit for the Angels' ascendancy, but DeCinces and Foli, both 31, have made equally important contributions, on defense. DeCinces has filled a yawning void at third, and Foli has made only nine errors at short while replacing Rick Burleson, who's out for the season with a torn rotator cuff suffered on April 17. The Angels have been one of the league's fielding leaders all year. "You have to give a special asterisk to the infield," says Downing, 31. "They've bailed us out." And had fun in the process.

In a game last week Carew half lunged, half fell in pursuit of a Ken Singleton humpbacked liner and caught it with his feet about an inch off the ground. DeCinces hooted and whistled, Grich held his thumb and forefinger a millimeter



teammates. Moments later, Grich was about to take the field (below) when he learned he'd been ejected. More fireworks ensued.

apart and Foli called out, "Only black guy in the infield and he didn't jump!"

What's this? The high-priced and sensitive Angels kidding each other? They also make fun of themselves. After diving for a Texas leaguer and playing it into a triple, Jackson asked DeCinces, "Can I say it was the lights?"

The refrain about cohesiveness is heard repeatedly; only the words differ. "No superstar outshines another, so there's no jealousy," says Boone.

"People say, 'There are so many egos and problems—how can you get along?' " says Jackson. "It's because everybody is so confident based on what he's done in the past. If you're not in awe of a guy, you're not afraid to laugh at him if he does something odd on the field. The other night I had trouble holding onto the ball. Freddie Lynn pretended he was dribbling a basketball."

Baylor, 33, says Jackson's presence takes pressure off the others. Jackson says the others take pressure off him. But the Angels do bear his stamp. Even the dugout has become positively Jacksonian, rocking with the popular chant he originated, "Get the hammer out."

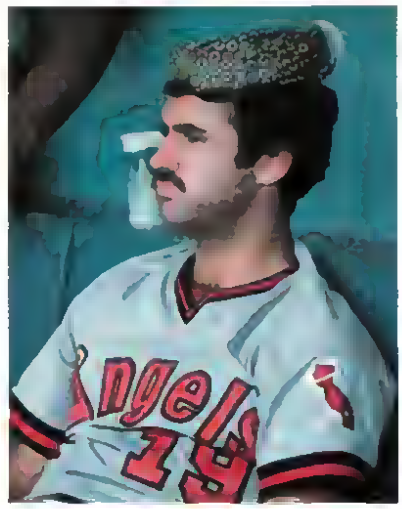
In every sense of the word, Jackson is enjoying a homecoming. The chance to be nearer his homes in Carmel and Oakland was the biggest reason he chose California over Baltimore after becoming a free agent last fall. Whether the word

continued



modifies his team or place of residence, Jackson is a Californian through and through. "With this club there aren't people asking players their view of management, as they did in New York," he says. "The big difference for me is that I'm more relaxed." Indeed, his face has never looked softer, and there's a glint behind those glasses. Jackson has a condo in Newport Beach and is looking for yet another house in Laguna. He's a familiar but unhassled sight tooling across Balboa Island on his Vespa motor scooter.

Virtually a loner in his five seasons with the Yankees, Jackson has already invited Carew to Carmel. Jackson's best friend on the team is Baylor, an old buddy with a strong sense of Jacksoniana. "In 1970 Reggie and I played for Frank Robinson in Santurce, Puerto Rico," says Baylor. "Reggie grew up a lot that year. Charlie Finley had sent him to winter ball after the two of them had a salary dispute the spring before and Reggie's homers dropped from 47 to 23 that season. In one game under Frank, Reggie hit a pop and just stood there looking at it. The fielder staggered under it, didn't catch it and still threw out Reggie at first. When he got back to the dugout, Frank said, 'If it happens again, it'll cost you $500.' Well, the exact thing happened a week later. Frank said, 'That'll cost you $500.' Reggie said, 'I'll go home before I pay that.' Frank said, 'O.K., after this inning I'll go inside and help you pack.' Reggie went inside and paid the money. He was fine after that. He hit 20 homers in 50 games and we won the league." In 1976 Jackson was traded to Baltimore in a deal that involved Baylor. This year Jackson lived for a month with Baylor before finding his own condo. "A beautiful man," says Jackson, who is as comfortable and cheerful as he has ever been in the majors.



Lynn's keeping cool during his hot streak.

At the start of the season Jackson tried too hard to impress his new teammates and fans; he had a poor spring and didn't get his average over .200 until May 4. Then he moved away from the plate and shifted his weight more to his back foot. "I don't want to give myself too much credit," Jackson says. "I'm not analytical or scientific like Carew, and I still strike out a lot, but when you get older you have to be more flexible. If you move around in the batter's box, you change the pitcher's pattern. Your weak areas become your strong areas. Then you get hits while the pitcher's learning to change on you."

Reggie's spirit is catching. At least half the Angels who pitch or bat on a regular basis have made comebacks of one sort or another. In his first full season as a leftfielder and leadoff man, Downing, 31, has fielded flawlessly and hit for average (.295 through Sunday) as well as power. His 15 homers have surpassed his previous season high of 12 in 1979, and in the 11 games from July 11 through last Sunday, he has reached base 28 times in 50 appearances. Once reluctant to give up catching, Downing now says, "I'll be happy if I never see that glove again."

Pitchers Steve Renko, 37, Geoff Zahn, 35, and Bruce Kison, 32, are 24–11 overall, the latter two in the wake of surgery. Quite literally the wake for Zahn, who exercises his postoperative left knee by running through swimming pools. "I get some stares," he says.

After playing hurt in 1980 and inconsistently in 1981, Baylor was tied for the league lead with 14 game-winning hits and had 59 RBIs. Southern Californian Lynn played edgily in his first season at home but is back to his 1979 Red Sox form and was pacing the Angel attack of late with a 15-game hitting streak through Sunday. Average-conscious in April, Lynn tried only to make contact at the plate. Then he checked out some old films of himself and began swinging aggressively. During his streak he batted .439, with six homers and 24 RBIs.

The club's youngest starter at 30, Lynn early in the season groused about batting deep in the order—as far down as seventh—especially when he was situated behind Jackson. "That guy never gets on base," he was overheard to say. Lately, however, he has begun talking of team stats. "There are days when I don't feel like coming to the park, but when I get here my attitude changes," says Lynn. "And I can finally go where I want when I leave. Nobody recognizes me since I've grown a mustache."

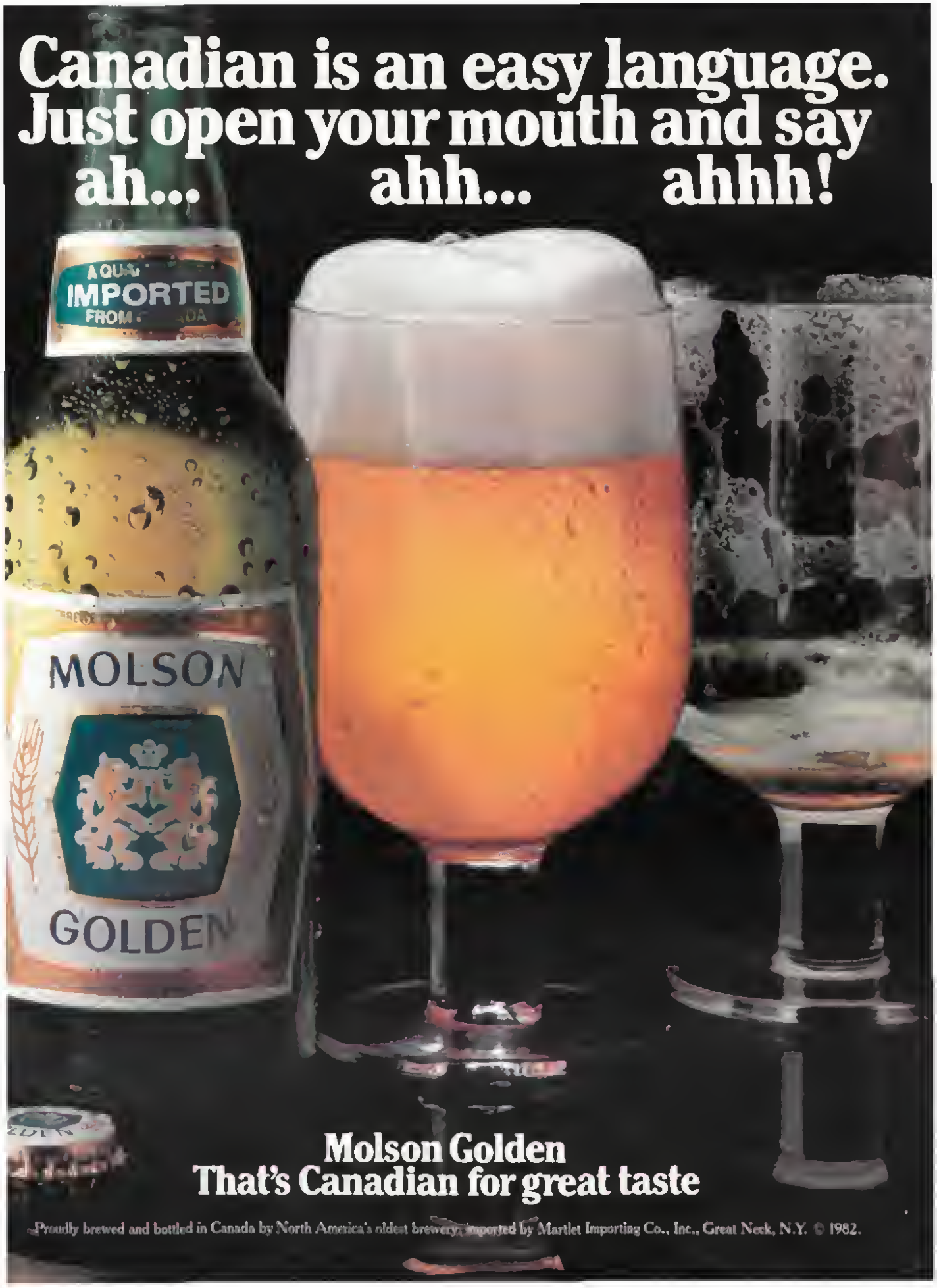
Other Angels, like the 33-year-old Grich, who is hitting five points below his career average (.267), are having routine years. But no one is in a slump.

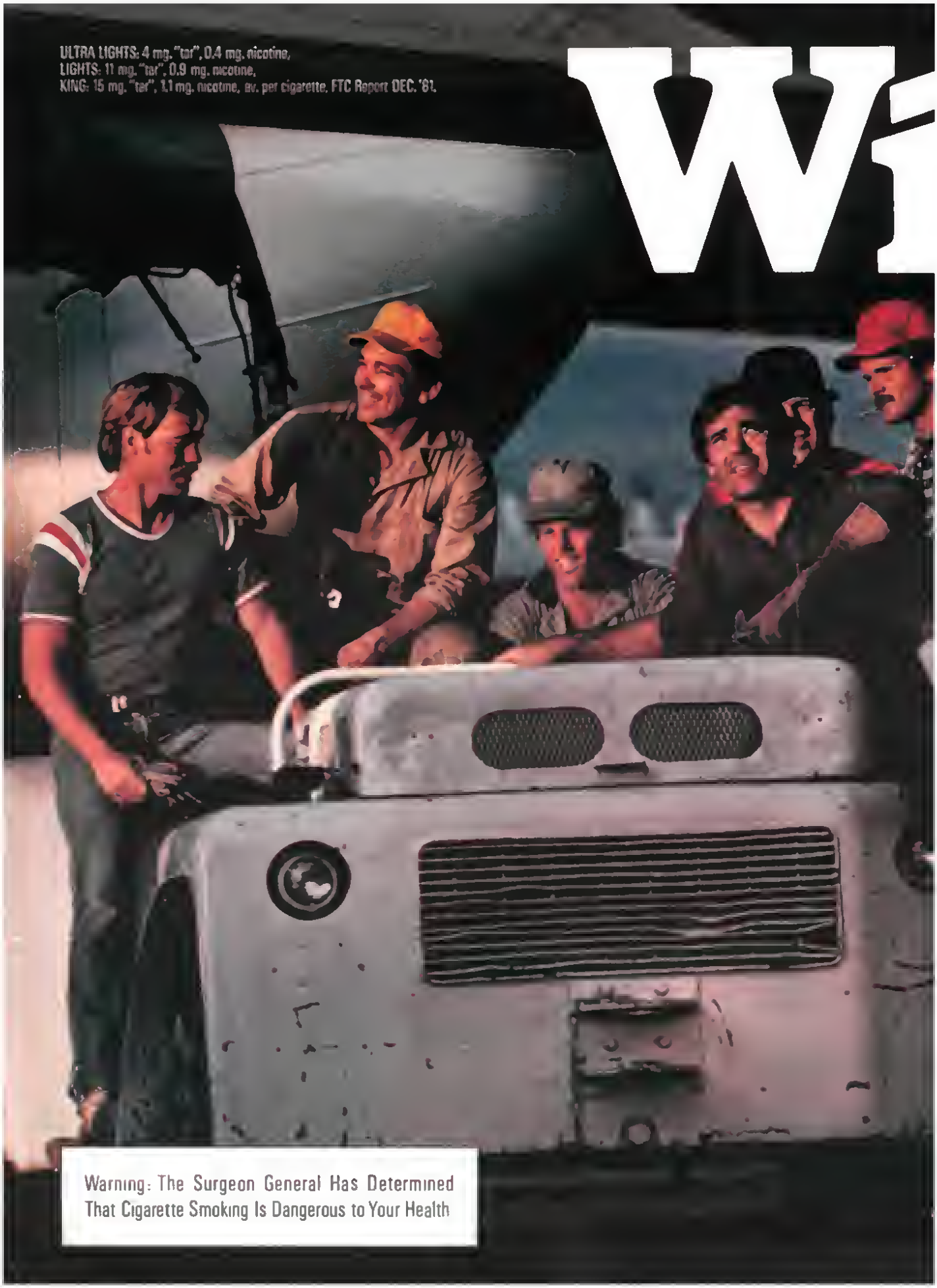
For Manager Gene Mauch, the 1982

continued

Running the bases or swinging the bat, Baylor's a tough guy for opponents to face.




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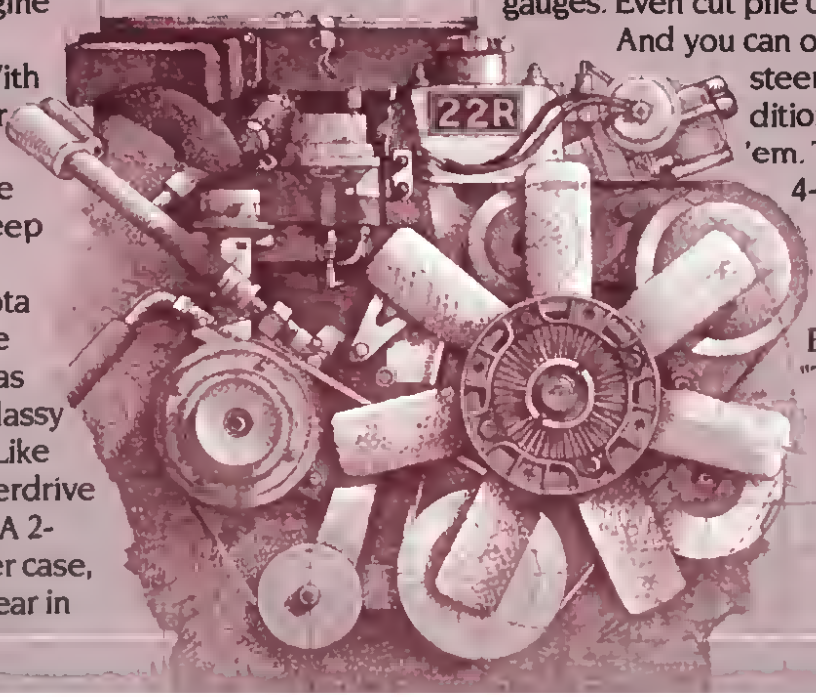
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season will be either a watershed or a Waterloo. He's at once baseball's most celebrated strategist and most infamous record breaker. He has managed an unprecedented 21 major league seasons without a title, leading to criticism that he overmanages. "Well, he's never had championship material," Mauch boosters shoot back. He does now.

Surprisingly, Mauch's current players praise him more for his psychological support than his strategic manipulations. Testy and temperamental, Mauch, 56, treats opponents like enemies and Angels like sons. The Dodgers gave up trying to make a power pitcher of Goltz and released him on May 3. Mauch recommended that California sign Goltz and urged him to return to his old knuckle curve. Goltz, 9–19 in two-plus seasons with Los Angeles, was 4–2 as an Angel through Sunday.

Mauch has been criticized for his obsession with sacrificing. Despite their power, the Angels led the league with 85 sacrifices through Sunday. "Who's got the sacrifice hits?" Mauch asks. Boone, Foli, Carew and utility Outfielder Juan Beniquez, 32, are each in double figures, but Jackson and Baylor have none. Baylor blew his chance for one in the 13th inning of a game against Baltimore on May 1. After fouling off two pitches, he hit a game-winning homer. When he returned to the dugout, Mauch told him, "I like your idea more than I like mine."

Explaining why he plays for one-run innings, Mauch asks another question: "How would *you* play against a Ron Guidry? Would you pass up the chance to go for one run when you can get it?" Against weaker pitchers? "Let 'er rip."

"Gene has changed," says Foli, who also played for Mauch in Montreal. "In the past he had to try to get more out of us than we were capable of giving. That was our only chance. Now he's just trying to get out of us what we're capable of." And without wholesale platooning, which was once his trademark.

"He makes us sacrifice so much because he has so much confidence in the next guy—and the next guy," says DeCinces. "In one game he had Grich bunt the runners over to second and third. Before Grich bunted, Gene told me to drive in the runs. In other words, he already knew that Bobby would get them over and that Baylor would be walked intentionally to bring me up." DeCinces singled home two runs.

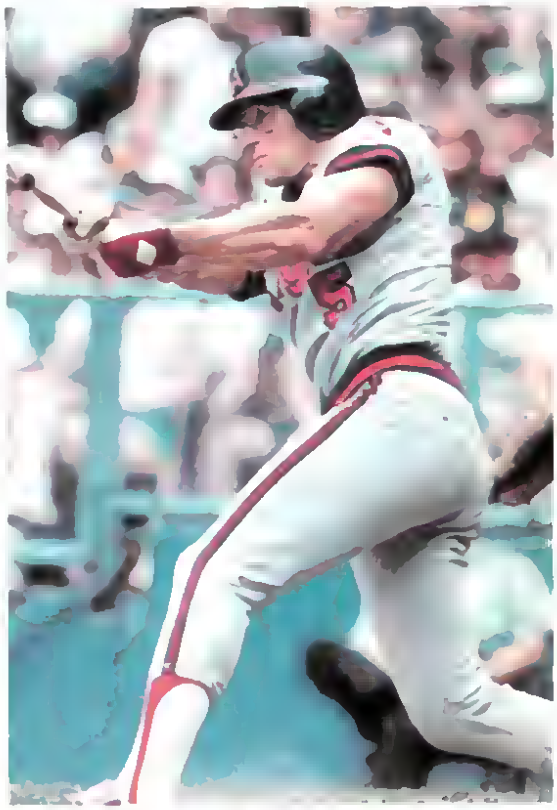
Mauch is constantly thinking ahead. His choice of the slow, free-swinging Downing as his leadoff man is instructive, even to Downing, who says, "I'm not naturally—this is an understatement—a leadoff hitter."

"What's wrong in leading off with a homer?" Mauch asks in his challenging way, without copping out by saying California has no natural No. 1 batter on its roster. "Besides, I was thinking of his fielding. By leading him off I figured I'd get him to hit three or four times and then get a better fielder in for the seventh, eighth and ninth innings. I didn't know he'd be such a good leftfielder. So now I just leave him there most of the time."

And what about batting Carew second, with natural No. 2 hitter Foli down in the eighth position? Carew is still noted for pure hitting, not for taking pitches or hitting to the right side. "If we had a leadoff man like Omar Moreno, Foli would bat second," says Mauch. "He'd stand up there, wait until Moreno stole second and then move him to third. But we don't have a leadoff hitter like that." (Downing has stolen just one base.) So Mauch expects Carew to move Downing with hits and sacrifices.

Mauch plays as many as 54 holes of golf a day during the off-season and is a regular at the pregame bridge table. One afternoon last week he sat looking at a three-no-trump hand he had just bid. The nine tricks he needed were there, if only he could get to the board. Trouble was, Mauch's opponents, Foli and Boone, had higher cards than the board. Refusing to give up, Mauch intelligently played out the sure tricks from his hand, attempting to set up a favorable end play. He failed and went down one. "Fascinating," he muttered.

It will be fascinating to watch how Mauch juggles his bullpen, which is shaky beyond the lefthanded Hassler. An unimpressive 13–16 in one-run games and 15–16 in relief decisions, the Angels have lost five games they led going into the ninth, the most in the majors. On the other hand, Mauch and his gentlemanly card sharks were scheduled to play 21 straight games against relatively undistinguished competition, Oakland, Minnesota and Seattle, after leaving New York. By mid-August the old master may not have to second-guess his end plays. In bridge parlance, the division title could be a laydown. **END**



Downing (top) leads off with muscle, but No. 2 Carew is often a sacrificial lamb.





That Syncing Feeling

Esther Williams was the beginning. There can be no doubt in anyone's mind about that. Water ballet, as synchronized swimming was then known, had been around for years before the Million Dollar Mermaid seductively glided into the public's consciousness, but Esther was the one who made it famous. Thousands of postwar adolescent girls spent countless hours in the water just trying to do her *backstroke*. No one before or since has done a sexier backstroke than Esther Williams. The M-G-M camera would start with a tight frame of that gloriously smiling face, makeup intact, not a flower-festooned hair out of place, and slowly pan down that great body, lovingly recording the sensuous roll of the shoulder, the arm languidly raised (check the manicure), the hand turned back at the top of the arc, finishing with that little oomph she put into it at the end of each stroke.

But things have changed since Esther's day. Synchronized swimming is going to the Olympic Games in 1984, and not as a mere exhibition sport, which was the case in the past. It will be the real thing. Unfortunately, the International Olympic Committee, in its dubious wisdom, is allowing only the duet event into the Los Angeles Games—not the solo, not the team. The synchro folks aren't complaining, mind you, but if the IOC had greenlighted the eight-swimmer team event, then there would have been a number of places to fight for. As it is, only one duet plus *one* alternate—a pair and a spare, so to speak—will represent each country.

It's a cool, dry June evening in Colorado Springs. Down in the damp, smelly locker room of the Municipool swim club, the U.S. National synchro team is getting ready to dazzle the locals. For three weeks, the 13 women have spent six hours a day in the water and two hours a day running or doing land drills, plus weight training three times a week. America's top duet is there, of course. Candy Costie, 19, of the Seattle Aqua Club and the University of Arizona, is standing in the middle of the room, try-



The "Rocket" hybrid (left) and the split (below) are two synchro maneuvers that leave Ruiz and Costie kind of breathless.



It's a sensation shared by Tracie Ruiz and Candy Costie, the top U.S. pair in the new Olympic sport of synchronized swimming

by DEMMIE STATHOPLOS

ing to boogie her wet body into a dry suit. Over by the sinks and mirrors, Tracie Ruiz, 19, also of the Seattle Aqua Club and the University of Arizona, is suited up but not nearly ready. If she were a racing swimmer, she'd be all set: Put on suit, get in water. But this is synchro and you don't jump in until . . .

First, comb conditioner through hair. Then dissolve two packets of Knox unflavored gelatin in about half a cup of hot water. Stir well. Comb hair forward (head down) and secure with rubber band, creating a topknot. Rummage around in cosmetics bag and find hair accessory known as "donut." Pull hair through donut and tuck hair around it. Untangle hairnet. Place over donut. Secure with hairpins. *Voilà.* Ballet-dancer look. All set? Uh-uh.

Dip fingers into now-thickened gelatin glop. Smooth gelatin on hair, starting from hairline and working back to donut. Run comb through glopped hair to ensure against stray wisps escaping mixture. Take wet paper towel and wipe face and neck clean of gelatin. Let hair dry.

continued



Ruiz, Davis and Costie are a triple threat.

SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING *continued*

Ready? Nope. Get hat, a sparkling creation that matches suit, and pin around donut. Now put on makeup. Waterproof, of course. Eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick. Nails? Nails have already been filed, buffed and lacquered. There are only so many hours in a day.

Result? Gnrgenus. Except for the noseclip. The clip has been designed so that it's fairly unobtrusive, but it does mar an otherwise perfect facade. Still, you can't avoid the noseclip. Vanity be damned. Who wants water up the nose?

Now for the hard part. Put a smile on your face and keep it there. Make sure it's a real one, the kind that reaches up and shines from your eyes. Now you and your partner go out and do your routine in perfect synchronization with the music and with each other. A piece of *gateau*, no? No.

Synchronized swimmers may look like cupcakes, but they're tough cookies. Synchro is most often compared with figure skating, gymnastics and ballet. Fair enough. But synchro requires you to hold your breath for 45 seconds while executing a difficult maneuver. In synchro, the athlete is often striving to keep her head *underwater*. In fact, half of a routine is performed upside down in the pool.

For most competitors, it takes 10 years to become a top-level synchro swimmer. Costie and Ruiz did it in seven. All it took them was six years of getting up at 4 a.m. to practice for two hours before school, plus another hour after school, and, of course, another 10 hours on weekends. It also took a formidable coach, Charlotte Jennings Davis, 32, founder of the Seattle Aqua Club and an accomplished synchro swimmer herself. Costie and Ruiz describe her affectionately as "dingey," "fearsome," "tough" and "smart." She's all of the above. "She gives the impression of being dingey," says Costie, "because she seems so surface and laughs all the time. But underneath, she really knows her stuff. She brought us to the top and I believe she'll keep us there."

Davis is also a master psychologist. "There's a lot of tension in this sport," she says, "because it's judged. You don't feel you have any control. You're thinking, 'Do they like me or not?' The coach gets the jitters probably more than the swimmers. I get tense, but I hide it as best I can. I use laughter, lots of it, to help relieve the tension."

Dingey or not, Davis has always been the driving force behind Costie and Ruiz. "I sat Candy and Tracie down when they were about 12," she says, "and told them that if they continued at the pace they were going, they'd be national champions." What Davis didn't know was how quickly Costie and Ruiz would excel. The very next year, the two then-13-year-olds flew to Hawaii by themselves and competed in a Western Zone Competition. Davis didn't go because she didn't have the air fare. The girls' parents didn't go because it was all they could do to pay their daughters' expenses. "I still can't believe that our parents let us go alone," says Ruiz. "Can you imagine? Here we were, these two little brats traveling with no chaperone and no coach."

Nobody expected the "brats" to make the finals (seventh place and up), but they did, getting sixth in the duet. Two years later, in 1977, Costie and Ruiz won the duet title at the National Junior Olympics. They won again in '78. In 1979 Ruiz made the first National team ever picked; Costie made the team the following year. By 1981 they were winning everything in sight—the National Team Trials, the Pan Pacifics, then, a few weeks later, the U.S. Senior Nationals, the first time since 1958 for a non-Californian duet.

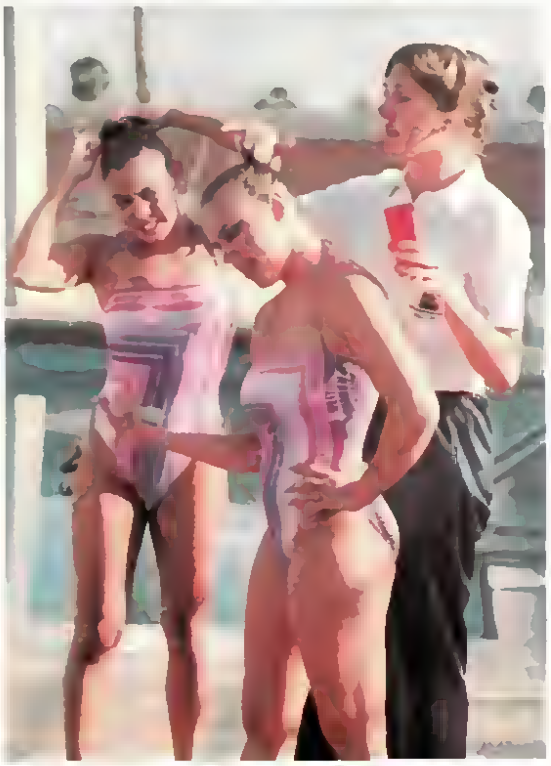
This year they've fared even better. In March, Costie and Ruiz went to the Moscow Invitational, the first international synchro meet ever held in the Soviet Union, and blew the Russians—and everyone else—out of the water. The Soviets are doing their homework for 1984, and besides the U.S. duet, they also invited the two best Canadians (Penny and Vicky Villagos) and the two best West Germans (Christina Lang and Annetta Fniel). The Soviets, per custom, besieged the U.S. women with questions and requests for demonstrations. "They were hanging off the diving boards," says Candy, "videotaping every move that we made." When Tracie also won the solo, the Soviets stomped, cheered and threw tulips into the pool.

A week later, swimming for the University of Arizona, they took the duet title at the AIAW championships. Last month, at the Senior Nationals in Hilo, Hawaii, they did it again. Their next, and most important, stop is the IV World Swimming Championships at Guayaquil, Ecuador, starting July 29th.

Synchronized swimming is a sport that calls for exact dupli-

continued

Yuk! A little dab will do when Kretschmer applies the gelatin.



cation. Swimmers "mirror" each other's movements and try to look as much alike as they can, hence identical suits and hairdos. Not surprisingly, synchro attracts twins, who have an obvious edge, not only because they look alike but also because they tend to think alike.

Costie and Ruiz are both 5′ 4″, but that's where any similarity begins and ends. Costie is blonde and fair-skinned; Ruiz is brown-haired and olive-skinned. Costie is bubbly and enthusiastic and dominates any conversation. Ruiz is quiet and rather shy. "I'm a self-starter socially, but Tracie's not," says Costie. "She has to know a person before she'll open up. If something's wrong, I have to say something or go crazy. Tracie suffers in silence. I'm very up and down. People think I'm the weak link."

"Candy tends to look at things negatively," says Ruiz. "She needs a lot of positive reinforcement. I try to help her as much as I can, because she needs feedback. She doesn't think she's as good as she really is. She puts herself down, but I think her capabilities are unlimited."

The Costie and Ruiz we have just heard from are grown-up, mature 19-year-olds. They are the united, us-against-them, let's-talk-our-differences-out Costie and Ruiz. It wasn't always this way. Candy and Tracie may be a happy duet in synchro, but they've always competed *against* each other in solo. They swam for rival clubs until those clubs merged into the Seattle Aqua Club when they were 11. They attended rival high schools. "There was rivalry between us," says Costie, "but the duet always seemed to fall into place. I was used to winning solo events until I was 15, then Tracie started beating me. It was very hard for me at first."

"She was so confident when we were little," says Ruiz, "and then I beat her. At first Candy thought it was a mistake. She told me, 'You don't deserve to beat me.' I had to beat her several times before she admitted it wasn't a mistake."

"Well," says Costie, "I decided I could either be a poor second in solo, or I could hold up my end. You can't have two people on top. As long as it's one of us, it's O.K. I am she and she is me."

Ah, but they have traveled a long and difficult trail to reach such insight. At the age of 14, for instance, Costie and Ruiz had a knock-down, drag-out fight when they were vacationing in Hawaii. "The tension was there because our competition with each other was so tight," says Costie. "We were also going through changes, like puberty. I was thinking, 'Am I pretty?' Tracie has an exotic look. I always felt she was prettier."

"When we were 12," says Ruiz, "we seemed to be exactly alike, but by 14 I wanted her to be like me and she wanted me to be like her."

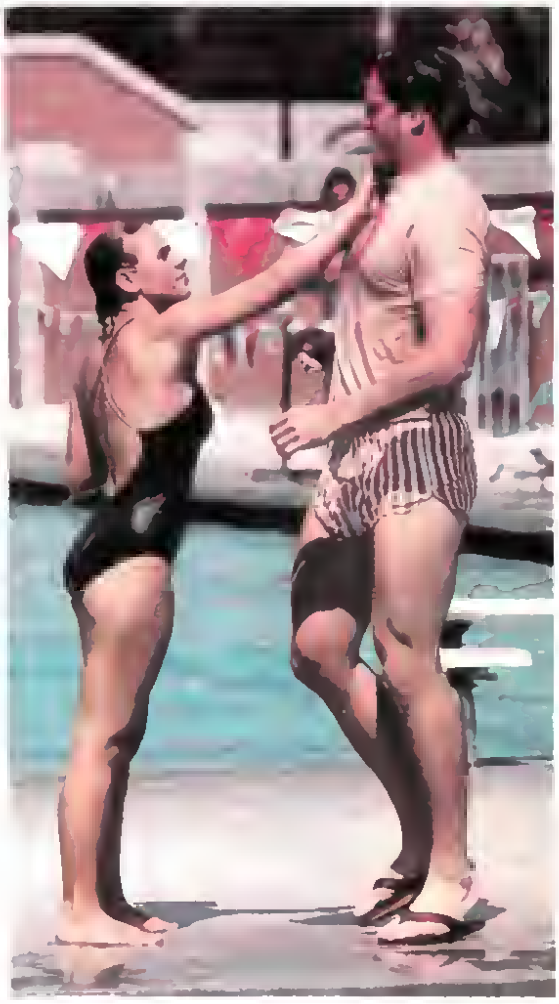
The fight started, as many fights do, over a trivial matter. "I called her a baby," says Costie, "and then we started swearing at each other. She said, 'If I had a gun, I'd shoot you right in the head.' I called her a zit face. That's the worst thing I've ever said to her, and I'll always regret it."

The fight escalated. "I had my hands around her throat," says Costie, "and she was pulling my hair. Then right in the middle of it all, we started laughing. We just cracked up."

It's a clear, sunny day in Tucson, the kind Arizona specializes in. University of Arizona Synchro Coach Kathy Kretschmer is standing at the edge of the pool watching her swimmers practice. In one part of the pool a small forest of legs wave back and forth, practicing the "ballet leg" movement. In another part of the pool, Ruiz and Costie are going over their "figures." Compulsory figures count for a third of the total score of duet, singles and team competition; the other two-thirds is based on the musical "routine." All the figures have names, like flamingo, heron, albatross, barracuda, Eiffel Tower, porpoise, swordfish. Like figure skaters, synchro swimmers must execute the compulsory maneuvers individually and without music. And, as in diving, each figure has a degree of difficulty, with a score ranging from 0 to 10. You can knock the judges dead with your routine, but if you've blown the figures competition, you can kiss winning goodby.

Costie and Ruiz are at Arizona on full athletic scholarships and

continued



Costie doesn't take any lip from 6′ 5″ Chris Knudsen, a free-agent tackle for the '49ers.



Mirror images in the water, Ruiz and Costie are vivid contrasts on land.

are majoring in communications and marketing, respectively. "There used to be the feeling," says Kretschmer, "that synchro swimmers didn't go to college. They just stayed at home and swam with their clubs. This was a hometown sport until 1972, when Title IX came in." Kretschmer claims she didn't do any heavy-duty recruiting to get Costie and Ruiz to Arizona. "She called us last," says Costie.

On this pristine day, Kretschmer has decided that Candy and Tracie need to work on sections of their routine. Kretschmer puts their music in the tape deck, and it blares out of the speakers, one by the equipment closet, the other underwater so the swimmers can hear it when they're upside down. Synchro music usually consists of cuts from several numbers, movie scores now being all the rage. The swimmers "write" their routine on land, choreographing their movements to the mood of the music they've chosen, then try it in the pool. Costie and Ruiz' duet routine includes large chunks of the *Chariots of Fire* score, although by the time they get to Colorado Springs, they'll have trimmed much of it because too many other swimmers have the same music. At Arizona in April, Kretschmer says, "When I hear *Chariots of Fire* on the radio, I see Candy and Tracie." By the end of June, Ruiz moans, "When *I* hear *Chariots of Fire* on the radio, I scream, 'Change the station!' "

Ruiz, Costie and U.S. teammates sync to sounds from the Colorado Springs Symphony



Because synchro requires great stamina and lung power, Candy and Tracie swim a lot of underwater laps, train on Universal machines (arm and leg lifts plus sit-ups) and run two miles a day. Synchro rules forbid touching the bottom or sides of the pool during competition. Instead of treading water in the traditional style, synchro swimmers do the "eggbeater" kick, taken from water polo, in which their thighs are perpendicular to their body and spread as wide as possible, to allow room for the constant circular movements of the lower legs. To propel themselves across the surface of the water, they scull with their hands, their arms moving just below the weight they're trying to support. "And they're not just sculling," says Kretschmer. "They must take as much weight upon their bodies as they can. They tighten their stomach and buttocks muscles, plus they tighten the diaphragm area all around to lock their back muscles. If you didn't lock your body, you'd sink."

But seasoned athletes like Costie and Ruiz don't worry about sinking; they worry about syncing—not to mention drowning. It's not unheard of for a competitor to pass out underwater. Says Costie, "There's one hybrid [a combination of a number of basic figures] we do in our duet called a high level twist, where we spin 360 degrees, then do a 180 with a full stop, then another 180 with a full stop between each twist [heads underwater, of course]. Then we tuck up and get ready for the next movement. Sometimes I get a feeling of dizziness and weakness. Although your heart is really pounding and you're dying for air, you have to sit and wait for the music cue that signals your next boost out of the water."

There will be many synchro swimmers holding their breath between now and 1984. Can Costie and Ruiz hold off the competition and stay No. 1? "If we don't make it to the Olympics," says Costie, "I pray to God it's because one of us breaks a leg, and not because we're not good enough. I want to be there so badly. People think you shouldn't say that. You shouldn't admit you want it that much. But we do. It's not new or exciting for us to win, and we have to keep doing it between now and 1984. We keep hearing from different coaches, 'We can't wait to see your Olympic routine.' They probably expect us to walk on water. The worst part is, we probably *will* have to walk on water." **END**

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Dwight proved his arms weren't too short to box with Saad, beating him for the title.

visage thus: "It's kind of a cross between a grimace and a smile. If it's confusing to you, it's also confusing to my opponent."

Braxton hasn't yet absorbed the punishment that Frazier did. He's never been knocked down, and he's never really been hurt, though Saad Muhammad tagged him a few times. He isn't a true knockout artist—three of his last six fights have gone the distance and his 17–1–1 record includes seven decisions—but, rather, he relies on a punishing jab to wear down his opponents relentlessly. And he's hard to hit, both because of his stature and because he keeps moving, even though he's always attacking from short range. "He's a boxer who just happens to box in close," one of

Mean Streets, Hard Time

Long years in the ghetto and prison have taught WBC light heavyweight champion Dwight Braxton to reject "negativity" **by JACK McCALLUM**

Dwight Braxton's palm is lost in the grasp of Pat Giambrone, whose fingers are as thick as the Italian sausages he makes in his market on the corner of South Fifth and Division in Camden, N.J. A few years ago Giambrone trusted Braxton with the day's receipts when nobody would trust him with a secondhand mouthpiece. "A guy from the bank called and told me a 'fugitive from justice' just walked in with my money," Giambrone recalls. "Can you imagine that?"

Can you imagine this? On Aug. 7, Braxton will defend his WBC light heavyweight title against Matthew Saad Muhammad at the Spectrum in Philadelphia and will make anywhere from $400,000 (his guarantee) to $700,000 (the maximum, counting his share of the gate). Braxton expects to make $2 million from a title unification fight with WBA champ Michael Spinks. Such a payday for a light heavyweight may seem like a dream, but for Braxton—who 4½ years ago seemed on the verge of a lifetime in prison—dreams die hard.

He had no formal early boxing training and no amateur career; he was old for a boxer (25) when he started serious training, and, most of all, at 5′ 6½″, he was considered too small to be great. "His arms too short to box with Saad," was what the smart guys said before he knocked him out in the 10th round to win the title in Atlantic City last Dec. 19. "I'm an inch taller than Dwight," says his brother Tony, a 28-year-old junior middleweight. "But don't tell him I told you. He'd kill me." Tony is the fifth youngest of Dwight's nine living brothers. An older brother, Charles, died this year.

The 29-year-old Braxton fights much like another chunky Philadelphia area fighter, Joe Frazier. He crowds his opponents, chases them down if they run and punches them silly if they don't. Also like Frazier, he wears a kind of menacing half-smile as he stalks his man. "He's got that evil attitude," says his 22-year-old brother, Stanley. Braxton explains his



Camden's Berkley Street, where Braxton grew up, was a boulevard of broken dreams.

his handlers, Wesley Mouzon, puts it.

Braxton isn't as well known as Spinks, an Olympic hero, nor as popular as Saad Muhammad, who before his loss to Braxton had defended his title eight times—winning seven of the bouts by knockout—usually in spectacular come-from-behind fashion. Moreover, the impact of Braxton's victory over Saad Muhammad was lessened by the latter's claim that he had to lose six pounds to make the 175-pound limit the morning of the fight. "The jury still has to be out on Braxton," says Mort Sharnik, a CBS boxing consultant. "But if he beats Saad this time we'll have to consider him a first-rate fighter."

Certainly the jury was out in the minds of two youngsters last week as Braxton posed for photos on Berkley Street, a ghetto area in Camden, where he once lived. "I know who he is," said one. "He's the guy fighting Saad Muhammad."

The story of Saad Muhammad (né Matthew Franklin) is well known in Philadelphia. He was abandoned on a street—Benjamin Franklin Parkway, hence his surname—at the age of four in 1959 and only recently discovered who his parents were. But, across the Delaware River in New Jersey, Braxton hasn't yet made a lasting impression. "They started to wonder when they saw a limo pull up one day," Braxton says of his new neighbors in Cherry Hill, "but mostly they leave me alone."



Boxing Commissioner Jersey Joe Walcott belts Braxton to signify his newly won title



The house he's leasing, a brown and yellow split-level with a nice lawn, is on a quiet street in a quiet section of the town, which is about 10 miles east of Philadelphia, only five miles but light years from the places he called home in Camden. Braxton plans to buy a house for his mother, Alice Elaine Braxton, who still lives in Camden, and is looking for a house for himself in the Cherry Hill area, but he'll be spending much of his time in the Southern California town of Rialto, with his girl friend of three years, Tracy Thompson.

These days the Cherry Hill house is shared by five other men: Mouzon; Rock Newman, Braxton's publicist; two young fighters, heavyweight Conroy Nelson

continued



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and light heavyweight Lionel (Country) Byarms, who sometimes spars with Braxton; and brother Stanley, an amateur junior middleweight. At any time during the day, Tony might drive over from his apartment in Camden. The cooking is done by Maryam Munir, a Muslim sister whom Braxton met at the masjid, the Islamic temple that Braxton attends. (His Muslim name is Dwight Muhammad Qawiy—but he hasn't gone public with it yet.)

Newman went to work for Braxton because he thought so little of him. He gave him almost no chance against Saad Muhammad and said so in his former job as a sports talk-show host on WOL radio in Washington. "I told my listeners that without a shadow of a doubt Saad would beat Braxton," Newman says. "I was so vehement about it that after Dwight won I felt obligated to put him on." They talked, stayed in touch and Newman came aboard seven months ago. It was Newman who suggested that Braxton present Saad Muhammad with a monogrammed crying towel and a bathroom scale at their June 30 press conference announcing the rematch. And it was Newman who got his eighth-grade-dropout boss involved in helping promote stay-in-school programs in Camden and Washington.

The addition of Newman to the entourage hasn't outwardly upset the low-key Mouzon, who has guided Braxton's career since late 1978 and was himself a promising lightweight until a detached retina ended his career in 1946, when he was 19. Mouzon is a member of the old school, as is his other handler, Quenzell McCall, who trained Percy Bassett, Leotis Martin and Bennie Briscoe and has primary responsibility for Braxton's conditioning.

"When Dwight's not in training, he does everything he's not supposed to do," Mouzon says. "He drinks a lot of beer, eats junk food, gets his weight up over 190. He'll live at McDonald's if you don't stop him. And he's got an unquenchable thirst. You've got to watch him to make sure he's not sneaking out for water all the time."

Braxton says he's on his schedule for shedding weight for Saad Muhammad, but he had to lose two pounds the morning of his last fight, a sixth-round TKO of Jerry Martin on March 21. Most of all, Mouzon worries about Braxton's temper, which erupted during a press conference in Newark before his fight with Rahway State Prison inmate James Scott last September. Braxton became so incensed at Scott's piped-in comments that he threatened to smash a loudspeaker.

"Dwight has changed a lot, no doubt about that," Mouzon told a visitor recently. "But his life-style and everything about him is still aggressive. You should be glad Rock was driving the car you were in and not Dwight. I think most of Dwight's problems are behind him, but sometimes I still have worries."

Braxton doesn't. Sitting in the back seat of his leased 1982 Malibu, he tells the tale of a child of the streets. He was born in Baltimore and moved to Camden when he was 11. From his father, Charles, came the well-developed arms, but little else—he went south to work as a lumberjack when Dwight's mother sought a new life in Camden. But for Dwight there was no outlet, no leadership. His mother called the juvenile authorities when he was 14 because he was cutting school and getting into fights. While he was in the station house he was nailed for a purse-snatching he says he didn't do. "It's what they call 'cleaning

continued



Giambrone, who trusted Braxton when no one else would, knew he'd get a square deal.

"I've had strong fighters," McCall says, "but Dwight is without a doubt the strongest."





Through thick and thin, brothers Tony (left) and Stanley are firmly in Dwight's corner.

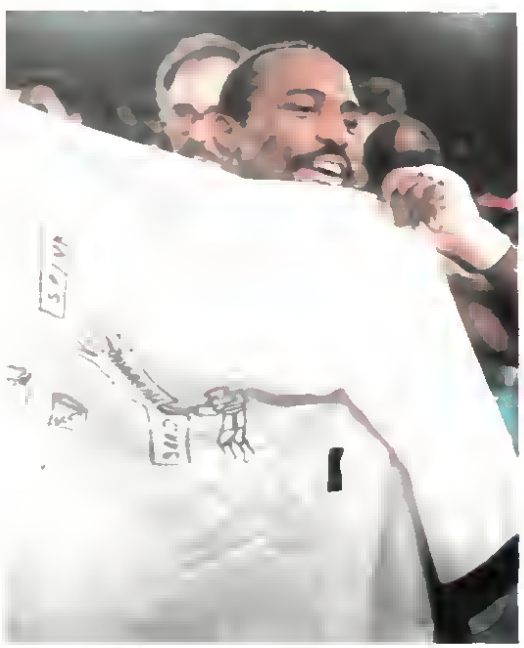
DWIGHT BRAXTON *continued*

up the books.' " he says. "You get somebody in there for something, then pin a mess of other stuff on them, too, to clean up your books." Away he went to Jamesburg State Home for Boys.

"The prison system has no real sound programs, no group discussions, nothing that teaches you how to cope with society," Braxton says. "It teaches you how to survive, how to be slick, how to cover your back. You learn how to live in prison, but how does that help you when you get out?"

Not much, in Braxton's case. Each time Braxton got out, he went back in. He did time in Annandale and Bordentown, two other New Jersey reformatories, and when he was 19 he pulled a job that earned him hard time—armed robbery of a liquor store. He was given an 11- to 15-year sentence and served 5½ years (mostly at Rahway) before being paroled in March 1978. By then, Braxton had decided to turn his life around.

"My years were going by fast, and mostly all I'd seen was reformatories and prisons," he says. "The toll was showing physically. I told myself I was going to put a halt to what was happening. There's so much negativity in prison. That's what a guy like James Scott is all about, negativity. I tried to hang around positive people. People would say, 'You're a sucker to believe in anything, man. You got to get what you can.' I didn't buy that. I told myself when I got out I was going to live."



After Saad Muhammad, Braxton wants to fell Spinks.

He kept that promise when he was paroled. He continued the boxing training he had begun in prison, and studied air conditioning repair. But any kind of job was scarce, and a friend encouraged him to pursue boxing full-time. "He believed I could do it," Braxton says, "and he made me believe it." Braxton believes the friend is now dead of a drug overdose.

Braxton trained at Joe Frazier's gym in North Philadelphia, and just getting there each day from his apartment in Camden tested his commitment. "One day I went with him on the route he took," his brother Tony says. "Between the buses and the subway and all that I said to him, 'Man, you do this every day?' When I started going to the gym, I knew I had to get a car."

Bill Savage, a former Philadelphia cop, handled Braxton for his first three pro fights, in 1978. Mouzon and McCall took over after the third bout, a loss to Johnny Davis in New York City, and Braxton hasn't been defeated since. Certainly, M & M gave him direction and refined his skills. But they couldn't improve on his courage, his tenacity, his natural strength, his stamina. "I've had some strong fighters, like Briscoe," McCall says, "but Dwight is without a doubt the strongest of them all."

Braxton got into trouble one more time after turning pro—an assault and battery conviction early in 1978. "It was a vendetta thing, no money was involved," Braxton claims. Mouzon and McCall pleaded his case with words and Braxton pleaded it with tears, and he was given five years' probation.

Because he was nearly broke, Braxton contacted Giambrone, who had helped out other kids in tight spots, and Giambrone provided an apartment and a line of credit, no questions asked. "When you've been dealing with people as long as I have in this business [since 1948], you can tell who's honest and who's not," Giambrone says. "I knew that Dwight was honest." Braxton squared up with Giambrone when he could; he still runs a tab at the store even though he can afford to pay. "He just wants to be a big shot," Giambrone says.

Despite Giambrone's help, Braxton had to work at other jobs: He changed bedpans at a Doylestown, Pa. nursing home, ripped apart pipe for Du Pont, and pumped gas. A year and a half ago he was getting less than $5 an hour as a workman on the same Spectrum floor where he'll be making about a half million on Aug. 7.

The echo of the mean streets is never far away, even now. Last year, Tony, who spent only five weeks out of prison from 1973 to 1980, was hooked on heroin and asked Dwight for money to make a buy. Dwight admits that he has tried hard drugs, but says he was never an addict. "He gave me the money for the stuff but he told me to do something about my problem," says Tony, whose last fight was a controversial 10-round loss to Ernie Singletary in June. "He told me he was going to report me to the boxing commission, and that sure scared me. It helped get me off the stuff."

Brother Charles died just four months ago at the age of 35, a casualty, Dwight believes, of the electroshock and drug treatments he received 10 years ago at a New Jersey hospital. "He gave an insanity plea to avoid going to jail, but it backfired and they committed him," Dwight says. "Ever since the treatments, he had these real bad seizures all the time. Finally, that's what killed him." Braxton's usually inscrutable face shows pain. "You know, he was such a sweet guy. He used to call me Ice Cream because he said I was sweet and nice for taking care of him and giving him money. Ice Cream, can you imagine that?" Braxton has dedicated the Saad Muhammad fight to Charles, and the words ICE CREAM will be on his robe instead of his usual nickname, CAMDEN BUZZSAW.

"I used to feel like this was all a dream," Braxton says. "To have nothing one minute, and a lot the next. But when you think about it, it hasn't been an overnight thing with me. It was a long, hard road that started in prison. I grew with it. Whatever happens, I don't have any apprehensions about it."

To keep in touch with reality, Braxton has only to remember Feb. 2, 1982, Dwight Braxton Day in Camden. Key to the city, speeches, dedications, applause—the whole dream come to life. And when Braxton returned to his car that was parked on South Fifth Street, the windows had been broken. END









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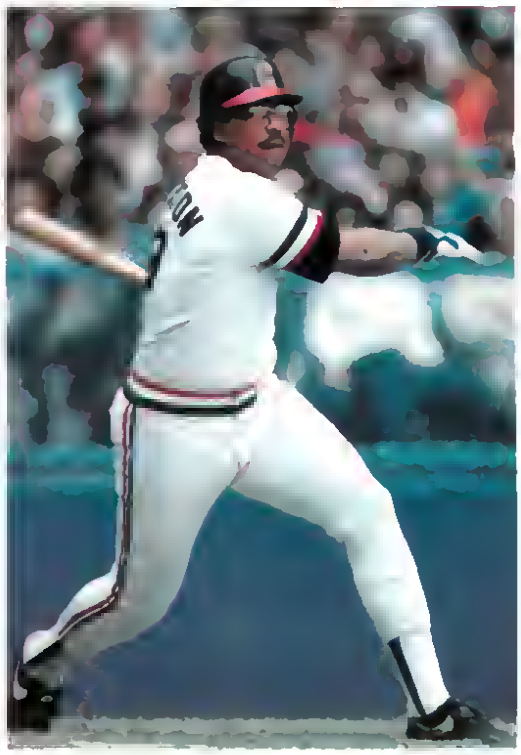
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Thunder, but no gray skies

Andre Thornton has been sorely tried en route to his booming eminence

by Rick Telander



Like Job, who was sorely tested by God before being found patient and worthy of succor, Andre Thornton has been worked over by life and found to be strong. Indeed, the 32-year-old designated hitter for the Cleveland Indians has rebounded from a series of athletic and personal setbacks to become one of the most feared long-ball hitters in the American League.

At the end of last week, the 6′ 2″, 205-pound Thornton was fourth in the league with 22 home runs and third with 71 RBIs. He was also among the league's leaders in runs, total bases, slugging percentage, on-base percentage, game-winning RBIs and walks. No wonder the man they call Thunder is a leading candidate for AL Comeback Player of the Year. Thornton missed all of 1980 and most of 1981 (.239, six homers, 30 RBIs) because of assorted medical problems, including a right knee that twice required surgery, a broken right hand and a broken thumb.

"It's hard to tell you how much Thornton means to this team," says Cleveland Manager Dave Garcia. "But then he's not doing anything he hasn't done before [his injuries]. He didn't just learn how to hit, you know. He's *supposed* to get 25 to 30 homers and 90 to 100 RBIs for us."

Fine, except that at his current pace Thornton is on his way to a 40-home run, 126-RBI season. Even his .292 batting average through Sunday was 41 points higher than his eight-season career average of .251. "You can't just project my totals over a season," says the sternly humble Thornton. "I'm a .260 to .280 hitter who got off to the best start of his career. Like most power hitters, I hit in streaks and I had an early one."

For example: After going 0 for 8 to start the year, he took off on a 15-game tear in which he batted .429 with five home runs and 18 runs batted in. In a four-game stretch from May 30 to June 2, Thornton got just five hits, but four of them were homers. Flurries like those have gotten the attention of American League pitchers, who have begun working around Thornton (his 13 intentional walks at week's end led the league), and veteran hitters, who openly admire his mighty swing. "He's always had great power," says Boston DH Carl Yastrzemski. "Now he's hitting the ball hard all the time, even on outs."

There are two things one notices about Thornton as he walks into the Indians' locker room for a home game with Boston. The first is that he needs a new T shirt, one that fits. The second is that he's carrying a Bible. Both observations are significant. The T shirt, an extra large, is so tight that it looks like an upper-body tattoo. An XX-L probably wouldn't help; it's likely they don't make T shirts in Thornton's size. "I think he's the strongest man in baseball right now," says Cleveland Batting Coach Tom McGraw. "Maybe in all of major sport."

The muscles didn't just pop out of nowhere. Thornton has trained with weights since the early '70s. He belongs to a Nautilus club in Cleveland, keeps Olympic weights at home and can bench-press more than 400 pounds, though he prefers not to. "I only lift enough to develop strength without losing elasticity," he says. "There is this myth that says if you build muscles you lose quickness. It's just not true. Done properly, weight training can help any athlete. Baseball has been very slow to realize this."

The force Thornton puts into his homers should have made a few converts among the puny. "When I see Andy hit home runs, I'm thinking Harmon Killebrew," says Coach McGraw. "Balls that go four miles up, then out. Hank Aaron and those guys hit line drives—shots. But with Andy, outfielders keep going back and back, thinking they have a chance, and then the ball ends up 150 feet deeper."

The Bible tucked under Thornton's arm is well-used and, like Thornton's bats, a force in the hitter's life. A born-again Christian, Thornton credits the Bible for just about everything that's going right in his life these days. Of course, it was Thornton's past that made him a likely candidate to find solace in scripture in the first place.

Thornton was raised in Phoenixville, Pa., a river town outside Philadelphia. One of seven children of a once-bibulous father and a God-fearing mother, he remembers himself as "a hostile person with a nasty outlook on life." The things that disturbed him were vague yet pervasive: "lies, hypocrisy, racism." He also was troubled by death. One of his older

continued

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brothers died when Andre was a child; one of his best friends was stabbed to death, and another good friend drowned. Thornton almost drowned with that friend, tumbling over and over in the dark water below a dam on the Schuylkill before making it to shore.

"The two questions I had all along were, 'Why are we here?' and 'What happens when we die?' " says Thornton. "It became much easier when I found that Christ had a purpose for me."

Thornton's beliefs were put to the ultimate test in the fall of 1977 when a van he was driving overturned on the icy Pennsylvania Turnpike, killing his wife, Gertrude, and small daughter, Theresa. Thornton and his son, Andre Jr., weren't seriously hurt. Thornton read the Bible a lot that winter, especially the Book of Job, which describes the suffering of a man after his family, livelihood and health have been taken from him.

Thornton has since remarried—his wife, Gail, is the daughter of a minister—and together they are very active in religious projects in the Cleveland area. "I look at it this way," says Thornton. "I had seven wonderful years with Gertrude. And I know one day I will see her and my daughter again in heaven. If I didn't believe that, I couldn't go on living.

"Now I know when things are out of my control," he continues. "I prepare myself to hit and I do everything the best I can, but once the ball leaves the bat, it's in the Lord's hands." Lately, of course, the Lord has been putting the ball in the nickel seats.

Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson says that the biggest difference between Thornton now and when he was in the National League with Chicago and Montreal (1973-76) is self-understanding. "He has confidence now," says Anderson, who managed Cincinnati during Thornton's National League days. "He knows he's a major-leaguer, that he can go oh for four and not get benched. Believe me, it's amazing what a difference that can make." As they say in baseball, Thornton is also "seeing the ball" better these days. During the off-season he was fitted with glasses to correct a slight nearsightedness in his right eye, the effect of which has been to give him a passing resemblance to that other bespectacled power hitter, Reggie Jackson.

Pitchers say that there is no "out" pitch to use on Thornton, which is one of the reasons they walk him so much, the other being that the bottom half of the Indians' lineup is so weak that putting Thornton on usually won't hurt. "He'll hit all your mistakes," says Detroit right-hander Jack Morris. "So I just follow what [Coach] Gates Brown says. 'If a man's wearing glasses, pitch him low and away.' " Thornton has to make the limited number of pitches he sees in the strike zone count, and he does. His 22 homers have driven in 38 runs.

But the trials continue. This year he was booed on Opening Day because he started instead of the Indians' cult hero, Super Joe Charboneau, the kid who dyed his hair rust before getting sent back to the minors.

The real test, however, may come in 1984, when Thornton's five-year contract with the Indians is up. He earns a reported $380,000 a year now, which is a lot, but much less than what the market will bear. On principle, Thornton is against initiating a renegotiation of his salary, but he's not against making money. And he knows he's worth a great deal more. As it says right there in the Book of Job: "Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense, and thou shalt have plenty of silver."



Thornton draws considerable strength from his Bible, which he keeps in his locker.

THE WEEK

(July 19-25)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Baseball's gimpiest division boasted enough calamities to fill a soap opera. Cleveland (3–3), which has lost Bert Blyleven for the season and has Alan Bannister on the disabled list, had three ailing pitchers. Rick Waits (sore knee), John Denny (bum shoulder) and Ed Whitson (wrist problems). Carl Yastrzemski of Boston (3–3) had to play center for the first time since 1980. That was because Reid Nichols went on the DL with a pulled groin muscle and Dwight Evans, who had played 201 consecutive games, pulled a hamstring and was reduced to being a DH. Manager Sparky Anderson of Detroit (4–3) had surgery on his sun-blistered lower lip. A shoulder ailment put Milt Wilcox on the DL, but Larry Herndon missed only one game after slicing a finger while opening clams. Then came a call to the clubhouse from one disabled Tiger (Dave Rozema) to another (Kirk Gibson). Rozema was adrift on Lake St. Clair in a boat he co-owns with Gibson when he made a ship-to-shore SOS call to find out how to get the balky engine started. Fine pitching kept the Tigers from sinking further while on dry land. Dan Petry beat Chicago 1–0 and Larry Pashnick stopped Texas 3–1.

Milwaukee, Baltimore and New York rose above minor travails. When hot-hitting Cecil Cooper of the first-place Brewers (2–4) needed a night off to rest a bruised knee, Don Money put on a glove for the first time in five weeks, made two fielding gems at first base, slugged two homers and had four RBIs to help defeat the Twins 10–4. The Orioles (4–2) got along fine without Manager Earl Weaver, who was suspended for a week and fined $2,000 for "physical contact" he made the previous week while arguing with Umpire Terry Cooney. With Coach Cal Ripken Sr. taking over for Weaver, the Birds won four of five games. Benny Ayala's two-run pinch double in the eighth took care of California 8–7. Jim Palmer had eight strikeouts, the most for him in one game in four years, as he defeated Oakland 2–1. And the Orioles over-

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took the A's 5–4, Al Bumbry tying the game in the ninth with a single and Floyd Rayford ending it in the 13th when he homered. Cal Ripken Jr batted .459.

Jerry Mumphrey of the Yankees (4–3) won two games with home runs, one a blast in the ninth that finished off the Angels 6–5. In all, Mumphrey had six ribbies and hit .400, and Dave Winfield drove in 10 runs. That helped overshadow the latest controversy on the team, one concerning a special practice for seven players who were being disciplined for their shoddy play during a 6–5 loss to Seattle. "It's degrading, but you can't let it mess up your head," said Willie Randolph of the workout, which was called by owner George Steinbrenner.

The Blue Jays (4–3) were 2½ games out of sixth place. They stole 10 bases and got a pair of victories from both Luis Leal and Dave Stieb. Each squared his record, Leal at 7–7 by beating Kansas City 4–2 and Chicago 7–1, and Stieb at 10–10 as he subdued the Royals 9–2 and the White Sox 8–1.

MIL 55–39 BOS 55–40 BALT 51–41 DET 49–45 NY 47–45 CLEV 46–46 TOR 45–50

AL WEST Willie Wilson's 12th career homer in 639 games was his ninth inside-the-park job, and it helped Kansas City (3–3) defeat Toronto 9–7. After the Brewers broke open a scoreless game with three runs in the top of the ninth, the Royals scored four times in the bottom half, with the winner coming on a suicide squeeze by Frank White. By going 3–3 California (*page 16*) retained its two-game lead over Kansas City.

Reliever Bill Caudill of Seattle (3–3) got his ninth and 10th wins, both in New York, as he gave up just two runs in 6⅓ innings during a pair of 6–5 games. Caudill, who was Yankee property this spring for what he estimates as "22 minutes," requested that when he retires "George Steinbrenner send me a uniform with one pinstripe on it." Rookie Mike Moore blanked Cleveland 9–0, and Richie Zisk hit .500 and had eight RBIs.

Three nifty pitching performances gave Chicago (4–3) a lift. Dennis Lamp beat Detroit 6–0, Britt Burns stopped Toronto 3–2, and Reliever Salome Barojas yielded only one hit in 5⅓ innings and won 9–3 when the White Sox scored six runs in the 12th inning to wipe out the Tigers.

After a ninth-inning error cost his A's (2–4) a 5–4 loss to the Indians, Manager Billy Martin said, "This is the lowest I've felt in my whole life." Cliff Johnson's first steal of the year and ninth of his 10-year career left him only 91 behind the season total of Rickey Henderson, who stole six times.

Dave Schmidt of Texas (2–6) has a license plate on his car that says TUF-2-HIT. Of late, Schmidt has been exactly that, allowing only two earned runs in his last 35⅓ innings. Last week Schmidt came in from the bullpen to nail down both Ranger victories.

Three saves by Ron Davis and a rare inside-the-park grand slam by Tom Brunansky were big news in Minnesota (4–2). And Kent Hrbek, whose .381 week raised his average to .334, improved his chances of breaking the league rookie record of .343 set in 1929 by Detroit's Dale Alexander.

CAL 54–42 KC 51–43 CHI 49–45 SEA 49–47 OAK 40–58 TEX 37–56 MINN 33–64

NL WEST "It's the same as with Fernando. You know you can hit him, but you can't." That appraisal came from Gary Carter of the Expos after he and his teammates had been bamboozled by Vicente Romo of the Dodgers (3–3). Romo, who hadn't won in the majors in eight years and three days, gave up only three hits while defeating Montreal 2–1 as he "used mainly my fastball and forkball." The 39-year-old righthander was recently brought up from the Mexican League, where he had been 100–62 during the past eight seasons, including five shutouts this year. Steve Howe, who picked up his ninth save by going the final two innings in relief of Romo, got No. 10 in a 3–2 defeat of the Phillies. Bob Welch worked the first eight innings of that game, striking out a career-high 11 as he improved his record to 10–7. Jerry Reuss also won for the 10th time, beating the Expos 10–1 with the support of Pedro Guerrero, who drove in five runs. "He's developed what I call a 'dead-fish' ball," said San Francisco Catcher Milt May after Atlee Hammaker defeated Montreal 5–2 for his eighth win. "It's not really a changeup, but it gets him a lot of groundouts." Rich Gale of the Giants (3–2) defeated the Mets 5–1 and the Expos 3–2.

Resourceful Phil Niekro of Atlanta (3–3) also came up with something different. When his trusty knuckleball mysteriously deserted him, Niekro kept Cardinal batters offstride with a screwball as he won 4–1. Niekro (9–3) next was a 4–3 victor over Pittsburgh as Atlanta ended a 28-inning scoring drought with four runs in the seventh. For the division-leading Braves that was their 28th comeback win and, as in Niekro's first outing of the week, Gene Garber got the save, his 18th.

John Montefusco went seven strong innings and Luis DeLeon the final two as San Diego (3–3) knocked off Philadelphia 2–0 on two hits. It was The Count's seventh victory in his last eight decisions. During the off-season the Padres shortened and lowered their outfield fences, a move that hasn't paid off as expected. Opponents had an 8–3 home run advantage in San Diego last week to increase their season's edge to 50–26. But the most distressing news for the Padres was that rookie Outfielder Alan Wiggins was arrested on charges of possessing cocaine. Wiggins volunteered to enter a drug-treatment center.

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to the Elias Sports Bureau, these are the major league leaders in on-base percentage (hits, walks and hits by pitches divided by total plate appearances minus sacrifice bunts):

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1.	Toby Harrah, Indians	.424
2.	Andre Thornton, Indians	414
3.	Rickey Henderson, A's	.413
4.	Dwight Evans, Red Sox	403
5.	Steve Kemp, White Sox	.394

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1.	Mike Schmidt, Phillies	428
2.	Joe Morgan, Giants	.407
3.	Ruppert Jones, Padres	403
4.	Jason Thompson, Pirates	.393
5.	Dan Driessen, Reds	.390

Although the Astros (1–5) got the type of quality relief pitching they have sorely lacked—one run allowed in 13⅔ innings spanning three games—it was to no avail. That was because Houston starters were cuffed around early in those games. The offense didn't help, either. Despite outhitting the Cardinals 10–7, 11–5 and 12–8, the Astros lost 6–2, 5–1 and 4–3, respectively, as they stranded a total of 27 runners.

"I think we're very uninteresting," said Russ Nixon when he replaced John McNamara as skipper of the Reds (2–4). Well, Frank Pastore helped make the team a little more dramatic by winning for the first time in 10 weeks, 5–2 over Chicago. So did Paul Householder, who batted .369 and walloped a pair of home runs.

ATL 57–37 SD 53–43 LA 51–47
SF 46–51 HOUS 41–54 CIN 36–60

NL EAST Chicago's M&M&Ms—Jerry Morales, Bob Molinaro and Keith Moreland—knocked the candy coating off the ball, so to speak, and won games for the Cubs (3–3). Morales said his recent two-week stay in the minors to rehabilitate an aching knee was so long that, "I got gray hairs in my mustache." Gray hairs and all, Morales beat Houston 6–5 with a run-scoring pinch single in the 10th. It was a pinch three-run double in the eighth by Molinaro that did in the Astros 5–3. And Moreland's three-run homer in the eighth upended the Reds 7–5. Leon Durham further sweetened the Cub attack by going on a .375 tear.

Pete Falcone of New York (2–3) did the job as both a starter and reliever. Three days after beating San Francisco 6–2 with the help of four innings of shutout relief by Jesse Orosco, Falcone came out of the bullpen to work a scoreless ninth and save a 4–3 triumph in San Diego. The Mets won by scoring twice in their half of the ninth. Bob Bailor, who earlier in the season had beaten Padre Reliever Gary Lucas with a sacrifice fly in one game and a double in another, caught him off guard this time and drove in the decisive run with a two-out bunt single.

Philadelphia and St. Louis kept battling for first place. Three homers by Mike Schmidt and two by Bo Diaz helped the Phillies (4–2) stay on top by one percentage point. So did Dick Ruthven's 7–1 victory in San Diego, where he ended his 0-for-36 batting slump with three hits. And on Sunday, Steve Carlton outdueled Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers 1–0 for his 13th victory. The Cardinals (4–2), who had lost to Joe Niekro of the Astros eight times in a row over five seasons, finally hung a defeat on him, 6–2. Steve Mura pitched a five-hit, 8–0 win over Atlanta.

With Dale Berra continuing his batting surge, Pittsburgh (5–1) moved into third. "Dale is one of those players with heart," said Manager Chuck Tanner as he explained why he stuck with Berra even when his average fell to .183 on June 7. Since then Berra has hit .345 and raised his average to .269. Last week Berra batted .369 and homered twice. He also stole home during Rick Rhoden's 6–0 shutout of the Braves, making a delayed dash to the plate on the back end of Omar Moreno's swipe of second. Willie Stargell, who will retire at the end of the season, hit his third pinch homer of the year in his final at bat in Cincinnati to defeat the Reds 3–2.

Wallace Johnson's single broke an 0-for-18 string by Montreal (2–4) pinch hitters and touched off an 11th-inning rally that toppled the Dodgers 4–1. Tim Wallach climaxed that uprising with a three-run double and Jeff Reardon nailed down the win with his 15th save. Steve Rogers, who went 10 innings, picked up the victory, making him 8–0 on the road and 12–4 overall. Al Oliver hit two home runs and now has 17, three short of his all-time high in 1973. Oliver credited "a good friend, a psychiatrist in Dallas" for his increased power. "Last winter he said that if I put my mind to it I could hit for both average and power," said Oliver, whose .3174 hitting led the league. Houston's Ray Knight was at .3168.

PHIL 54–41 ST.L 55–42 PITT 50–44
MONT 49–46 NY 44–52 CHI 40–59

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROBIN YOUNT: The Milwaukee shortstop batted .560 to rank second in the league at .337, hit four home runs (for a total of 19) to become No. 1 in slugging (.616) and got six runs batted in for a total of 67.



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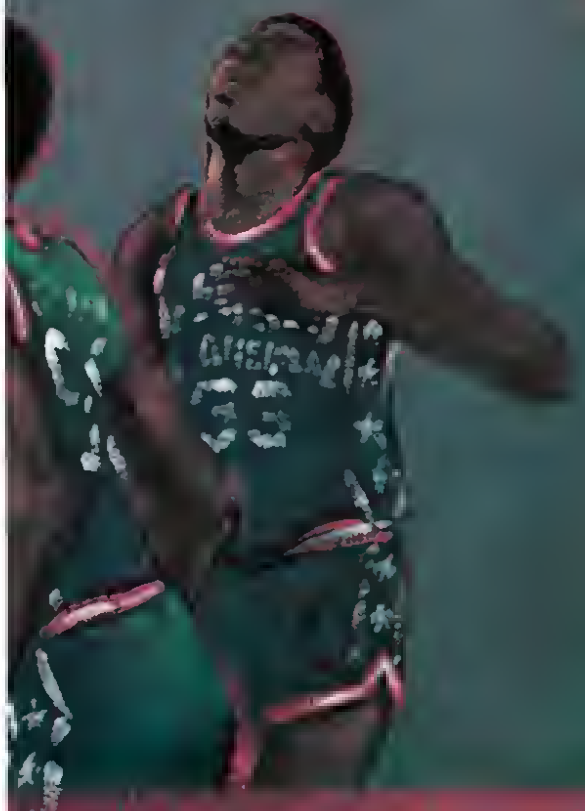
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The best basketball players make the transition from the anonymity of high school to the fame and pressure of college in off-season all-star games that test more than athletic ability

THEIR RITE OF PASSAGE

BY RALPH WILEY



CONTINUED



Winters' elbow was the big pointer Kempton picked up at the Horizon.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1982
ROSEMONT, ILLINOIS

When Frank Gihan, a p.r. whiz and hoops connoisseur from the Bronx, got involved with the McDonald's All American Game five years ago, he thought it would be a joyful experience. And for the most part, he says, that's what his association with the country's No. 1—or No. 1A—high school basketball all-star game has been.

He recalls that, "On the day before the 1979 game in Charlotte, North Carolina, we took these giants like Ralph Sampson and Sam Bowie out to the speedway and they stuffed themselves into the cockpits of 200-mile-per-hour racing machines. Antoine Carr gets in one and his first question is 'Where's the radio?'

"And last year, in Wichita, we were leaving the children's hospital after making a group visit there, and we couldn't find one of the players, Manuel Forrest, anywhere. We looked all over the place, and I was really beginning to get worried, when we finally found him in this tiny room, crying his eyes out over these terminally ill kids he had just seen, blessing his own luck."

But Gihan's sharpest recollection is of a different nature entirely. "The gauntlet," he says softly. "I'll always remember it as the gauntlet. In Oakland, in 1980, at the Coliseum Arena. The players were on their way out to the floor. On both sides of the tunnel were these coaches. They were like madmen, screaming, 'He's mine! Get away from him!' and 'I saw so-and-so talking to him! I want my shot at the kid! Fair is fair, dammit!' " The scene still provokes a long sigh and a look of disbelief from Gihan. "For me, emotionally, that was the worst," he says.

Now even the most brazen coach knows better than to defile the McDonald's showcase so openly. The players invited to this spring's game, to be played at the Horizon here in suburban Chicago, share quarters with their high school coaches on two floors of the Hyatt Regency O'Hare. Phone calls are screened, and all of the players' time is accounted for in advance on Gihan's heavily laden clipboard. "What we fear most," Gihan says, "is that the NCAA will rule a player ineligible for all postseason play in college because of something that happens at our game."

Consequently, the players do a lot of grumbling. "So this is what prison is like," mutters one.

"Yeah, right, precautions, but why do we have to stay and play out here in the suburbs?" asks Johnny Dawkins, a 6′ 1″ guard and honor student from Mackin High in Washington. "I thought we were going to be in Chicago." He gestures toward the plain surrounding O'Hare International Airport. "Sure doesn't look like Chicago to me."

Bob Geoghan, executive director of both the McDonald's Game and the Capital Classic, the other big high school all-star game, thinks such complaints are akin to those of smug seniors at commencement who belittle gowns and mortarboards. "It'll hit them later on in life," he says. "They'll look back and be glad they were here."

Geoghan and Morgan Wootten, the renowned coach at DeMatha High in Hyattsville, Md., came up with the idea for this game, and both believe such high

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD SPARKS

school all-star events, of which there are scores of varying degrees of prestige, are rites of passage. From small-town gyms to big-time arenas. From local acclaim to national fame. Of course, that passage can also lead to disappointment and frustration. But in the hotel lobbies, teeming with players, parents, girl friends, coaches, hangers-on, nobody thinks about that.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8
NILES NORTH HIGH SCHOOL

The West team features the homegrown Illinois elite, 6′ 3½″ Bruce Douglas from Quincy and 6′ 10″ Efrem Winters from King High in Chicago. Douglas and Winters finished No. 1 and No. 2, respectively, in voting for Illinois' Mr. Basketball title. Both are headed for the University of Illinois, which also recruited Messrs. Basketball No. 5 and No. 7; Doug Altenberger of Peoria and Scott Meents from Herscher. For the Illini, this is an unparalleled haul. In Illinois it has long seemed that if Bobby Knight did not skim the cream for Indiana, DePaul stole the churn.

But Illini Coach Lou Henson hasn't come to this suburban gymnasium to gloat. His recruiting is by no means finished. Letter-of-intent day is still a few days away, and the commitments that Henson is holding are not yet signed, sealed and delivered. Feelings could still be hurt; were he not here this day his absence might well be misunderstood by coaches like King's Landon Cox and Quincy's Jerry Leggett, and their players. It may seem petty, but this is the sort of thing that college coaches spend sleepless nights worrying about. They are salesmen, and if the right players aren't buying, the coaches' x's and o's, no matter how brilliantly arranged, are worthless.

"These players, as good as they are, don't necessarily mean you'll win," says Henson. "They give you something to fight with, but great players are everywhere now, and a lot of them won't even go to all-star games. There are no guarantees. Not even here."

University of Georgia Coach Hugh Durham is attending 6′ 3″ Guard Donald Hartry of Milledgeville, Ga. from a respectful distance. He had four former McDonald's All Americans in his starting lineup this past season, but the Bulldogs still finished a disappointing sixth in the SEC. "All-star games can hurt a player worse than anything," he says. "On a college team you can't have five guys out there trying to score points. But they get all this attention for scoring such-and-such points in high school, and they think this treatment is what they'll always get for being a"—he chews on this last word—"star."

"That kid there," Durham says, nodding toward Winters. "I've only watched a couple of practices here, and I would have to wonder if he could accept a role where he wasn't being featured."

On the West team, Winters will be featured. He and 6′ 8½″ Kenneth Walker from Roberta, Ga., whom Durham lost to the University of Kentucky, and 6′ 6″ Eldridge Hudson from Carson, Calif., will lead the West's inside game, but there's no time to think about that now. Gihan is here, motioning *let's roll.* The tour of the Johnson Publishing building is at noon, and after that, at 2:30 sharp, there's a bus ride around "Chicagoland."

The driver on the tour says he knows the way to Muhammad Ali's house. He's much more impressed by this fact than the players are. They want to know whether bussy can find 102.7 on his FM radio dial.

The scenic tour cannot help but include the fringes of Chicago's low-income housing projects. "You can get a game out here until midnight any night of the week," Cox assures the uninitiated from such faraway places as Portland, Ore. and Oyster Bay, N.Y. "You can let Efrem off at any corner."

The bus squeezes through the streets by Hyde Park and the campus of the University of Chicago, where both basketball and football were deemphasized many years ago. At one border of the university there is a metalwork sculpture of a mushroom cloud and



At the McDonald's banquet, Winters' parents, Beulah and Henry, were filled with pride.

continued

a stone honoring Enrico Fermi. There certainly is a lot to see in Chicago. Efrem Winters is the first to fall asleep.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9
NILES WEST HIGH SCHOOL

For every player at a game like this, there's an assistant coach who claims to have the kid all sewed up, another who thinks he still has a shot at the player, and a third who's given up any hope but says the kid probably wouldn't have worked out anyway. These assistants—young, charming, dogged—have been stalking their prey for months, at high school games, on the phone, in living rooms. The reward for an assistant who prevails over his rivals is a gangly adolescent with quick feet and a soft touch. Collect enough of these blue chips and you can cash them in for a head coaching job.

"I really don't like these all-star games," says Rick Majerus, a Marquette assistant for 11 years and Hank Raymonds' likely successor as coach of the Warriors. "The players are pampered too much; it's too much too soon. And the things that are happening, well, it's like the man said, 'You're only as honest as you can afford to be.' "

Or as critical. Majerus, reservations and all, is here to keep an eye on Kerry Trotter, a deadeye marksman from Creighton Prep in Omaha. Marquette star Glenn (Doc) Rivers is also here for support.



Just window-shopping: Joe Meyer (DePaul), Majerus (Marquette) and Mark Warkentien (UNLV).

FRIDAY, APRIL 9
8 P.M.
HYATT REGENCY O'HARE
ROSEMONT BALLROOM

Except for the game itself, which benefits Ronald McDonald House and Athletes for Better Education, the most essential two hours of the week are the banquet. By now most of the people who are supposed to be here have shown up: the coaches, John Wooden and Morgan Wootten, Sonny Hill and Billy Packer, the basking parents.

Henry and Beulah Winters sit at the rear of the hall, watching honor bestowed on the 13th of their 14 children. Gihan knows that any gift to game participants worth more than $15 is an NCAA violation . . . but there are ways around that. The players receive rings, gym bags and jackets for being McDonald's All Americans, not for participating in the game. The MVP of the game will get a handshake from Wooden. Honor enough.

Efrem Winters' jaw is as unpronounced as a newborn's, and he has the hands of a musician. He speaks rarely, even to his friends. As for outsiders, they'd better be able to deduce a lot from watching Winters play basketball if they want to learn anything about him. "This game? It's an honor to be here," he says. "But then again, it's just another game. I was out there two, three hours a day for years. Those were my big games."

Henson hopes there will be others. He's sitting at a table with Cox, King High principal Joseph Lee and Tony Yates, the former University of Cincinnati star and now the Illinois assistant credited with the Winters coup. This is a night of contentment for Henson. When he sees Reggie Woodward, yet another Illini recruit, entering the hall, he smiles and starts to motion Woodward over, but then checks himself. NCAA rule: *A coach shall have no more than six contacts with a prospective student-athlete.* Henson turns away.

Packer is tonight's M.C. He reminds the players that seven of the 10 starters in the previous year's NCAA championship game were former McDonald's All Americans. He tells them of their predecessors already in the NBA. But his most revealing story, whether he realizes it or not, concerns Michael Jordan, the North Carolina freshman whose jump shot with 17 seconds to play had beaten Georgetown for this year's NCAA title. Jordan had also won last year's McDonald's Game with 30 points, including two free

throws at the end. Packer says Jordan's mother was very upset when Michael didn't receive the McDonald's MVP recognition. "I tried to tell her not to be upset," Packer says, "that it wasn't the end of the world, that there would be other days. Then, after the NCAA final, I saw her and said, 'See, Mrs. Jordan. Things work out in the end.' "

But do they? Even the most starry-eyed kid in the audience should recognize the flaw in Packer's arithmetic. There will always be only one last shot of the season, yet there are 25 of these players, and more besides them. What are the odds of getting, much less hitting, that last shot? If "things working out" hinged on that, most of these players would be disappointed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10
11 A.M.
ROSEMONT HORIZON

Cox eyes the two men standing off to one side at the teams' photo session. "Trying to catch somebody here doing something wrong, that's all they're doing," he says of the NCAA's eyes and ears at this game, David Didion and Mike Glazier. They are enforcement representatives, although Glazier says, "I can't arrest anybody, if that's what you mean." What they can do is report any violations they come across. So far, they haven't come across any at this game. "And things are so difficult to prove anyway," says Didion. "We need proof. Cash leaves no trail."

"Our best sources on violations are the coaches themselves," says Glazier. "If Digger knows anything more, I sure wish he'd tell me about it."

Digger Phelps, the Notre Dame coach, who admitted recently that he had turned in two alleged malefactors a year ago, is a marked man these days. At a dinner earlier in the week honoring DePaul Coach Ray Meyer, someone remarked that Phelps hadn't been able to make it because he was "off at the Crusades." That is the prevailing attitude among the coaches who are on hand for the McDonald's Game.

"All this is old news, really," says Phelps, sitting courtside as the players have their pictures taken with Wooden. "As for these games, most of the kids have been to camps before, so it really shouldn't hurt them at all. It's a bonus for them."

Wooden, after a cursory meeting with Phelps, says, "Look, when you try and recruit a nice young man—and by and large they are all nice young men—and you lose him to another school, sometimes the inclination is to think, 'Hey, somebody must have cheated. The young man and I had gotten along so well.' "

SATURDAY, APRIL 10
6 P.M.
ROSEMONT HORIZON

In the preliminary to the featured McDonald's Game, the heavily favored Chicago City All-Stars lose to the Suburban All-Stars 99–76. This game fits the standard high school all-star game pattern, with lots of wild shots and confused play. Alonzo Skanes, a 6′ 2″ guard from Dunbar High in the city, is disappointed afterward, feeling he didn't play particularly well. "This was a good opportunity for me," he says. "I'll probably stay home and go to Loyola, someplace like that." But the stands are full of Big Ten eyes, and Skanes doesn't go unnoticed after all; he later signs a letter of intent with Minnesota.

In the feature game, the crowd of 15,834, the largest in Illinois prep basketball history, gives its loudest cheers to Winters—after the announcement he's going to Illinois. Winters doesn't start, but the West, behind the rebounding of Walker and the smooth guard work of Willie Cutts of Bryant, Ark. and Montel Hatcher of Santa Monica, Calif., controls the early part of the game.

The East has a huge—and powerful—front line. Benoit Benjamin, a seven-footer from Monroe, La., ripped the rim from the backboard at the team's first



After scoring 19 points for the West, Winters was named MVP and got a hero's greeting from teammates-fans.

continued

practice. Billy Thompson, 6′ 8″, from Camden, N.J., is the most sought-after player in the country. Brad Daugherty is a seven-footer from Swannanoa, N.C. Besides the competition on the court, there's ragging off it. When Benjamin says that the first thing he's going to do when he gets home to Louisiana is kiss his girl, Thompson tells him good-naturedly, "Hey man, who won't?"

Daugherty, gentlemanly and sweet 16, has stories of recruiters who tried to go too far; such tales are passed around like point-average quotations among the players. The illegal inducements are a strange but not always true mark of esteem.

With less than five minutes to go in the first half, Winters, who has been tentative since coming off the bench about three minutes earlier, sweeps across the lane and tries a jump hook. Thompson blocks it. Winters regains the ball and shoots onee more, and Thompson blocks him again. Winters grabs the ball a third time and rams home a dunk. This seems to give him confidence, and his play beeomes more eloquent in the ensuing moments. He scores eight more points before the half on two dunks and two whispering 18-footers from near the top of the key.

The victim of Winters' outburst is Tim Kempton, the 6′ 9″ redheaded class president from St. Dominie High in Oyster Bay, N.Y. Kempton, Notre Dame's fine recruit, soon realizes that his only way of surviving against Winters is to bump him, crowd him away from the ball. Winters reacts to this pressure with an elbow delivered precisely to Kempton's sternum. Kempton, more startled than hurt, backs off and says, "Hey, what are you doing?" Winters says he knows what he's doing. "Get off my back," he tells Kempton. Later, Kempton will say, "It's all part of the game." But it's one he had to come to Chicago to learn.

Winters is a good teacher: 19 points, nine rebounds and *the* handshake from Wooden. West 103, East 84.

"Feels nice," says the besieged Winters afterward, before he mouths the obligatory "just another game." "Vindication for us," says a beaming Cox, whose high school team hadn't qualified for the state tournament. "I am proud of my boy," says Beulah Winters. "I am always proud of him."

FRIDAY, APRIL 23
LOUISVILLE

The McDonald's Kentucky Derby Festival Classic, to be played tomorrow night, lacks the glamour of the McDonald's All American Game, but in Kentuckiana, basketball is a revered pastime, whatever form it assumes. No one knows this better than Max Rein, Wade Houston and, now, Billy Thompson. "The two most important things to these people are their church and their high school basketball team," says Rein, the director of the basketball portion of the Kentucky Derby Festival.

Houston is merely an onlooker at the proceedings, but as the first black player at the University of Louisville (1963) and the man credited with recruiting Thompson for the Cardinals, he has contributed his share to the festivities. As the most



Thompson showed the right—and left—stuff with a double dip that won Louisville's dunk contest.



Thompson made his point with the fans—27 times, to be exact—and walked off with the hardware

heralded high school player in the country, Thompson is the main attraction of the Derby Classic, an event that could certainly use one.

Houston started hanging around Camden when an old college chum spotted Thompson, then a 10th-grader, at a camp in the Poconos. He made sure virtually all the Louisville basketball alumni gave Thompson a call. "Even Muhammad Ali tried to call him twice on our behalf," Houston says.

"Thirty-five head coaches visited my home last summer," Thompson says, and they came not only because he's 6' 8" and even more hawkish than Connie Hawkins—"Who is that?" Thompson asks—but also because he's an honor student and a model of stability, such as it is at 18. As a senior he averaged 29 points and 15 rebounds per game while leading Camden High to the New Jersey Group IV championship.

Thompson is lounging beside the pool at the Executive West hotel. He has a pow of a smile and a face that should be boyish at 40. He also has very long legs and huge hands.

"I had looked forward to seeing all those men in my house, like Bobby Knight and [UCLA's] Larry Farmer," he says. "I wanted to talk to them, but mostly to listen. My father wrote letters to all of them after I made my decision."

The Derby Festival has scheduled slam-dunk and one-on-one contests tomorrow morning. Thompson isn't crazy about the idea. "I don't mind competing," he says, "but if I lose, I know people will say, 'Billy can't play like we thought.' They don't understand. One-on-one, or one game, or one shot isn't what makes a team or a player."

Perhaps not for Thompson, and that is good. But for Baskerville Holmes, the mysteriously named senior from Westwood High in Memphis, the situation is different. "This is my only all-star game. Big one," he says. Holmes, bound for Memphis State, doesn't look very smooth. But, as Rein says, "the last time someone suggested a player from that area, I turned him down. Player turned out to be named Keith Lee."

"That's what makes these games good," says Clarence Turner, Thompson's coach, "as long as they're held after the signing date. But Billy's parents sometimes get upset with me when people ask if he's the greatest I've had and I say no, just one of the greatest. Hell, I may not even see another player like Billy Thompson. He's the finest all-around player I've ever coached. But why should I put that extra 15 tons on him? There's 20 tons on him already."

SATURDAY, APRIL 24
9.30 A.M.
FREEDOM HALL

It costs a half dollar to see this morning's livestock show at the Kentucky State Fair and Exposition Center's Freedom Hall. About 1,400 people turn out for the Kentucky-Indiana vs. U.S. All-Stars Slam-Dunk and One-on-One competitions. The extra $700 will enhance Rein's financial statement, a document that will be scrutinized by the NCAA.

The Derby Classic didn't receive approval from the NCAA until late March, and Rein says that's going to murder his gate. It had already been wounded by Rule 3-9-(A): *No more than two all-star games per player between the end of high school eligibility and entering college.* Most of the more prominent Kentuckiana schoolboys chose the two-game series between the states to be played in June. The two outstanding players from Indiana, Guard Roger Harden from Valparaiso High and Forward Ken Barlow from Indianapolis Cathedral, will play in June, as will Todd May, Kentucky's would-be Mr. Basketball—would-be because a player must appear in the June series to win the award for either state. Harden and May have signed with the University of Kentucky, Barlow with Notre Dame.

Proceeds from the Derby Classic, which is being played for the 10th time, go to the Derby Festival (a mélange of horse races, participant sports and county fair goings-on), and Rein says that one year those proceeds made up 28% of the entire festival budget. "Three years ago the fire marshal had to lock the door, so many people came," he says. Crowds of more than 16,000 were the rule. Last year, with the two-game rule in effect and Kentucky-Indiana's team diluted, the game drew 12,000. This year, Rein hopes for seven.

Another NCAA rule: *No more than 60% of the gross receipts from an all-star game may go to the game's operating budget. The other 40% must go to charity or educational use.* "We chose

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the Kosair Charities," says Rein, "but I don't think the NCAA realizes how hard it's going to be to run this thing on 60 percent and still make something for the charity."

"They've had some financial problems down there," says Rich Hunter, the NCAA's director of finance. "We approve somewhere around 200 high school basketball and football all-star games each year, so we have some idea of what we're doing. The Derby Classic hadn't met the charitable and educational criteria until late, and that's why it received late approval."

In search of a better bottom line, Rein brings on the one-on-one and the dunks. It's ludicrous to even stage the one-on-one contest, because it celebrates the aspect of the game that, the players eventually will find, gets them nothing but trouble. Nevertheless, Louisville will accept this as Thompson's opening statement and he knows it.

During the warmups, pockets of black men in the crowd loudly critique the players, all of whom, they feel, are less talented than Billy Thompson. Life might be hard for them outside but here they are judge and jury. "Aw, ain't nobody gon' give you no $10,000 for that ol' move," one says, taking up a personal assault on Robert Henderson of Lansing, Mich. Henderson is playing despite an injured leg, "because I really wanted to come," he says. The other old fans begin cachinnating—one unforgettable cackle is heard above the others—at anyone who dares flub a dunk or miss too many jumpers in succession.

One-on-one is grueling work, especially between players of this caliber. Thompson has to play four rounds of six-point games to reach the finals on the U.S. end of the court, and the leader in each game must win by two baskets, or be the first to 10.

Kempton, the redhead from Long Island, faces Thompson in the U.S. semifinals and shows he learned his Chicago lessons well. He bangs on Thompson, blocking his shot once to the oohs of the crowd. But Thompson prevails 10–8. The U.S. final pits Thompson against David Wingate, a 6′ 5″ swingman from Baltimore's Dunbar High. Any player from Dunbar, either the best or the second-best high school team in the country last season, depending on which part of greater Baltimore you're from (the other pretender to No. 1: Calvert Hall of Towson, Md.), would be enough. Wingate, however, is not just any player; he scored 31 points when Dunbar won at Camden 84–59 in February.

Wingate is double-quick, with several evasive dribbles and knifing moves to the hoop, and his outside shot is unerring. Next season he will bolster Georgetown's already formidable personnel. But Billy wins 6–2.

Now Thompson, the U.S. winner, must play 6′ 7″ Bubby Mukes of New Albany, Ind., winner at the Kentuckiana end. By now Thompson is quite tired. He gets the ball first, wends his way into the lane and travels.

"What's wrong, Thompson, them big feet in your way?" yells a fan. Black men aren't the only ones cachinnating now.

"Come on, hot dog!"

"*C'mon*, Billy!"

Mukes isn't Wingate, but he's a battler. He blocks Thompson's shot and scores. Thompson scores, steals and then travels. The game see-saws. Finally, Mukes fails to convert the game-ender, and he gets no more chances inside. Thompson stays inside now, home, gathering himself up to prove that even at this aberrant hour, he's the best—or, at least, better than Bubby Mukes. 11–8.



NCAA watchdogs Glazier and Didion hung around to make certain recruiting rules weren't broken.

Of course, the crowd knew it all along.

"Hoooo-eeee!"

"We luuuuuuv yuuuuu!"

"Go, Billy!"

The dunk contest is next, and even though the Kentuckianans are minus their top three stars, they do have three impressive leapers. All of them are white. Two of them, Tim Tipton of Louisville's Fairdale High and Brian Shepperd of Somerset, Ky., are going to Auburn. Joe Karr of Laurel County, Ky. will attend South Alabama. All three can easily ac-

continued

complish the 360-degree dunk that Darrell Griffith popularized in these parts. If there is such a thing as "white man's disease," the cure for it has been found in Kentuckiana. Thompson's coach, Clarence Turner, who's black, watches the 6′ 7″ Tipton leap, whirl, extend to his full height and fill the ring to his elbows and says, "It must be more than just a recreation for them, too."

The ball cannot be more gracefully dunked than the way Tipton and the 6′ 4″ Karr have done it. Karr even throws the ball off the floor and catches the backboard ricochet with one hand before mashing it down. Thompson has been saved for last, and he must give the fans what they expect, which is the unexpected. He must be ingenious. His first two dunks are space-shattering, but so have been the others. He knows—everyone knows—he must do more.

Thompson asks for a second ball, and the crowd knows what he means.

"Yeah, Billy. *Yeah!*"

Standing close to midcourt, Thompson holds a ball straight out at each side, then windmills his arms and starts his run. This is no simple stunt, especially when the performer is tired. He glides up, and even though his normal lift isn't there, *crump! crump!* both balls go down. Thompson lands heavily, gravity and fatigue sucking at his knees. But he's so young, and in 10 seconds he's renewed, standing erect and looking around for hands to shake, palms to slap. *Pow!* Enough?

Enough. For today. On the way out of Freedom Hall, there's a lot of talk.

"Hey, you, take off that Auburn jacket, this is Billy Thompson Country! Louisville all the way next year! The B.T. Express!"

"He'll have to learn how to play team ball. That selfish stuff'll get him nowhere."

"He's so great."

"He's a prima donna."

"He's a thoroughbred."

"He's a jerk."

"I got his autograph!"

The players have a 12:30 bus to catch for Churchill Downs. The Kentucky Derby Trial takes place today, but Thompson declines. He goes to his room to lie down. The game is less than eight hours away.



Wooden lends a hand at the All American Game every spring

His own Kentucky Derby trial hasn't ended yet.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24
8 P.M.
FREEDOM HALL

The game isn't really a competition—everyone seems to know and accept the fact that the U.S. All-Stars are going to beat the locals—but a showing off of Thompson, the star freshman-to-be on Louisville's only big league club. If not for Thompson, many of these same people would have gone to watch the Louisville Redbirds of the American Association in their season-opening home stand, or been satisfied with couch and television after the long festival day of hot-air ballooning, mini-marathoning and thoroughbred racing.

The U.S. Stars win 144–85. Holmes, who will see Thompson again in the Metro Conference in years to come, scores 18 points while seeming to have scored eight. Tipton has found at this level there's lots of company above the rim, but still scores 14. Wingate scores 25 points, shooting 12 for 15, and gets 13 rebounds.

"We'll survive," says Rein, optimistically, though the crowd was less than 5,000. He must submit his 1982 financial statement by Aug. 1 and turn in his renewal application by September, or the NCAA will rule that his show cannot be sanctioned. "I tell you," he says, "no matter what, the people think the ball was first bounced somewhere between here and Indianapolis. And that's a fact."

Thompson is named the MVP for his 27 points, nine rebounds, four assists and two blocked shots. He takes his trophy, which is worth considerably more than $15 and, therefore, is technically awarded to Camden High, to the locker room through waves of fresh converts—and a few fans who still doubt him.

"Learn to pass, hot dog!" says one bystander.

"I don't hear the people in the crowd," Thompson says, his face belying his brave words. "They don't know me. They aren't out to help me. I'm the one who knows what I have to do here."

No longer just a high school all-star, Billy Thompson's rite of passage is now complete. **END**


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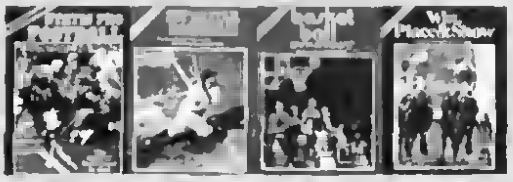
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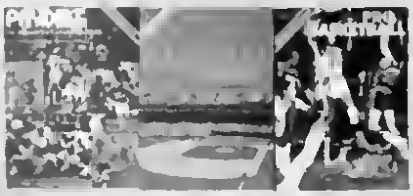
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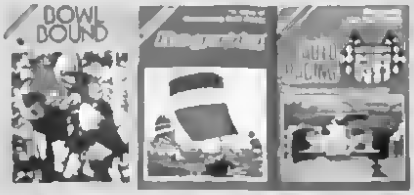
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 19-25

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

BOWLING—STEVE MARTIN defeated Wayne Webb 224–202 to win the $95,000 PBA Greater Buffalo Open

BOXING—HILARIO ZAPATA regained the WBC junior flyweight crown with a 15-round split decision over Tadashi Tomori in Kanazawa, Japan

SALVADOR SANCHEZ scored a technical knockout over Azumah Nelson in the 15th round to retain his WBC featherweight title in New York City

RAY MANCINI retained his WBA lightweight championship with a sixth-round TKO of Ernesto Espana in Warren, Ohio (*page 10*)

CYCLING—BERNARD HINAULT won the 23-day, 2,180-mile Tour de France with an aggregate time of 92:08 46, 6 21 ahead of Joop Zoetemelk. With the victory, his fourth in five years, Hinault became the fourth cyclist to win both the Tour of Italy and the Tour de France in the same year

FENCING—At the world championships in Rome, Soviet fencers ALEXANDER ROMANKOV, VIKTOR KROVOPOUSKOV and NAILA GILIAZOVA won individual titles in, respectively, men's foil, men's saber and women's foil, and the USSR won the men's foil team title. JENO PAP of Hungary was the men's épée champion while HUNGARY, FRANCE and ITALY won team titles in, respectively, men's saber, men's épée and women's foil

GOLF—CALVIN PEETE shot a 10-under-par 203, two strokes better than Bruce Lietzke, to win a storm-shortened, 54-hole $350,000 PGA tournament in Williamsburg, Va

JANET ALEX shot a five-under-par 283 to win the U.S. Women's Open in Sacramento, Calif. She finished six strokes ahead of Sandra Haynie. JoAnne Carner, Beth Dantel and Donna White (*page 16*)

HARNESS RACING—MYSTIC PARK ($2.60), driven by Frank O'Mara, beat Messerschmitt by four lengths to win the $166,064 Yonkers Trot, the first leg of harness racing's Triple Crown

HORSE RACING—ERINS ISLE ($4.60), Angel Cordero Jr. up, won the $219,600 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park, beating Don Roberto by two lengths and covering the 1½ miles on turf in 2:25⅘

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON, in a Buick, won a 500-mile Grand National race in Long Pond, Pa., 17 seconds ahead of Richard Petty in a Pontiac. Allison averaged 115.496 mph around the 2.5-mile Pocono International Speedway

RENE ARNOUX finished 17.308 seconds ahead of Alain Prost to lead a 1–2 Renault sweep at the French Grand Prix in Le Castellet

SOCCER—New York got a stranglehold on the Eastern Division lead, squeezing Toronto 1–0 on a late (86:01) goal by Steve Wegerle and then throttling San Diego in overtime, 2–1, for its fifth straight win and 11th in a row at home. In front of its biggest crowd in Toronto this season, 16,241, the Blizzard declined to choke a second time, defeating Vancouver 3–1 on David Byrne's two assists and a goal to storm past Montreal and into second place in the East. There was little action in the South where Fort Lauderdale remained the leader. Tulsa won 1–0 in overtime against Edmonton, and Jacksonville dropped a pair of 3–1 decisions, to Chicago and San Diego. Seattle won twice, 4–2 over the cellar-dwelling Drillers and 4–1 over the teetering Timbers, to move into a tie for the Western Division lead with Vancouver

SWIMMING—At the U.S.S. World Championship Trials in Mission Viejo, Calif., STEVE LUNDQUIST swam the 100-meter breaststroke in 1:02.62 to break the five-year-old world record of Gerald Mörken by .24 seconds, and ROWDY GAINES surpassed his own 200-meter freestyle world record of 1:49.16 with a clocking of 1:48.93

TENNIS—GUILLERMO VILAS defeated Mel Purcell 6–4, 6–0 to win the $200,000 U.S. Pro Tennis Championships in Brookline, Mass.

The UNITED STATES won the Federation Cup for the seventh successive year, defeating West Germany in the finals 3–0 in Santa Clara, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—SVETLANA ULMASOVA broke the women's world record of 8:27.12 in the 3,000-meter run, set by Ludmila Bragina in 1976, with a clocking of 8:26.78 in Kiev

MILEPOSTS—FIRED. As manager of the Cincinnati Reds, JOHN McNAMARA, 50, after the Reds' record had fallen to 34–58, worst in the National League West. He was succeeded by his former third-base coach, RUSS NIXON, 47.

SUSPENDED. By the American League for one week and fined $2,000, Baltimore Oriole Manager EARL WEAVER, 51, for striking Umpire Terry Cooney during an argument in a game between the Orioles and the Seattle Mariners

TRADED. By the Seattle SuperSonics, Guard BILL HANZLIK, 24, to the Denver Nuggets to complete an earlier trade for Forward David Thompson, by the Chicago Bulls, Center ARTIS GILMORE, 32, to the San Antonio Spurs for Center DAVE CORZINE, 26, and Forward MARK OLBERDING, 26

DIED. VLADIMIR SMIRNOV, 28, the best fencer in the Soviet Union—and perhaps in the world—and gold medalist in men's foil at the 1980 Olympics; of brain injury suffered during a match at the 1982 world championships in Rome. Smirnov's left eye and frontal lobe were penetrated, and fatal hemorrhaging of the cerebral ventricle resulted, when the foil of West Germany's Mattias Behr snapped on Smirnov's arm and the severed piece of the weapon tore through his mask

LLOYD (Little Poison) WANER, 76, outfielder with the Pittsburgh Pirates in the '20s and '30s and the younger of the celebrated Waner brothers, of complications resulting from emphysema, in Oklahoma City. A .316 career hitter, Waner played alongside his brother Paul (Big Poison)—the names supposedly were supplied by a fan with a New York accent who called Lloyd "little person"—in the Pirates' outfield for 14 of his 18 years in the major leagues. The two combined for 5,611 career hits, nearly 1,000 more than the five Delahanty brothers and 517 more than the three Alous recorded. Two years after Paul's death in 1965, Lloyd joined him in the Hall of Fame. George and Harry Wright are the only other brothers so enshrined

CREDITS

2—Lane Stewart. **7**—Illustration by Sam Q. Weissman. **10,11**—George Tiedemann. **12,13**—Tony Tomsic. **16,17**—John Iacono. **18,19**—(top) Paul Bereswill, John Iacono, Paul Bereswill (2), (bottom) John Iacono (2). **20,25**—Tony Tomsic. **26,27**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **28**—Carl Iwasaki (top), Heinz Kluetmeier. **29**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **30**—Carl Iwasaki. **32,41**—(left to right) Jacqueline Duvoisin/ABC Sports, Jerry Wachtar, Tony Triolo. **43**—Jerry Wachtar. **44**—Jerry Wachtar (top), Tony Triolo. **46**—Tony Tomsic. **48**—Lane Stewart. **69**—Tony Triolo.

FACES IN THE CROWD



OREG GLOVER
MARIETTA, GA.

Glover, now 18, set a national 16-17 age-group record in the 132-pound class at the Georgia USPF/AAU Powerlifting Championships with a total of 1,080 pounds in three events: squat (415 pounds), bench press (245) and dead lift (420).



LYNNE STRAUSS
STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Strauss, a recent graduate of State College High, won the girls' 1,600- and 3,200-meter runs (4:48.94 and 10:36.45) at the state meet to become the first Pennsylvania girl to earn all-state honors in track and cross-country four straight years.



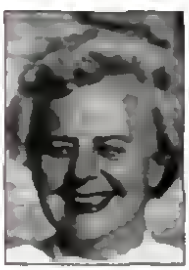
BILL JASINSKI
SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Bill, 18, a high jumper for Parkview High, surpassed seven feet seven times this season, won the Golden West Invitational and, at the state meet in Jefferson City, set a state record of 7' 3", the nation's best schoolboy jump this year.



GRURY GALLAGHER
MANHASSET, N.Y.

Gallagher, 43, an investment banker who holds seven national 40-44 age-group swimming titles, broke the record for the 27-mile around-Manhattan swim by 30 minutes, with a time of 7:14.42, on his first swim of more than four miles.



CLARA JANE POU
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Pou, 53, a housewife, has won 35 club championships at six different golf clubs in Michigan and the Carolinas since 1948. Nineteen of her titles came at Myers Park Country Club in Charlotte, including one in each of the last 14 years.



MARK EGGINTON
ROY, UTAH

Eggington, 18, led Roy High, for which he played both guard and tackle, to the state AAAA football title, had Utah's longest high school shotput in 1982 (55' ½") and pinned all 17 of his opponents en route to the state heavyweight wrestling crown.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BILLS FACTS

Sir:

I was glad to see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED recognize Bobby Chandler, who, throughout his career, has been an outstanding performer (*The Bare Facts Are He's a Star*, July 12). The article brought back a lot of fond memories of our days as Buffalo Bills.

However, being a friend of Bobby's, and having witnessed his distress over reader Joseph M. Overfield's letter (July 26) suggesting that Bobby was being untruthful in his description of the situation he found himself in in those early days, I felt compelled to respond.

Every time I've run into the guys I knew in Buffalo then—Paul Maguire, Chandler, Haven Moses and others—we've always looked back fondly on those times. Yet no professional team I've played on, or ever heard of, had to endure the hardships we did. While the Buffalo fans had to have a sense of humor concerning our performance on the field, we players, fortunately, had a sense of humor regarding our everyday working conditions. We *did* have to practice in the Amherst (N.Y.) Recreation Center ice rink—*on* the ice a couple of times. We also practiced in the hallway, and in the parking lot *with* parked cars! We had our team meetings in that same Recreation Center, in a space where the only things separating us from mothers and their kids who had come to skate *on* the rink were sheets. Unfortunately, the vending machines were located on our side of the sheets, and more than a few times our meetings were interrupted by kids coming through to get a soft drink or potato chips or the like.

After practice sessions at the Recreation Center, and also after games at War Memorial Stadium, all frequently held in freezing weather, there often was a stampede of players trying to get to the showers first—Bobby's estimate of five minutes of hot water may have been an exaggeration.

Despite all of this, and more, no group of players was ever more appreciative of the support of their fans than we were, because in those days we were a sort of comedy on the football field. We were especially appreciative in 1973 when the people of Erie County gave us Rich Stadium, and I feel we showed our appreciation by giving them some of the most exciting football anywhere in the NFL. Reader Overfield obviously isn't aware of some of the difficulties we experienced, but perhaps that's because the players didn't complain publicly about them. I look back on those years with a lot of smiles, as I know Bobby Chandler does. We look upon ourselves as part of the Buffalo family, and if we can't laugh at ourselves, well. . . . You have to keep smiling.

O.J. SIMPSON
West Los Angeles, Calif.
(but always a Buffalo Bill)

Sir:

I sincerely apologize if my comments about the Buffalo Bills of the early '70s offended reader Joseph M. Overfield of Tonawanda, N.Y. They weren't intended to demean the Bills' loyal fans, but rather to factually depict an organization that was in disarray at that time but has subsequently become a powerhouse in the NFL. Buffalo has always been special to me and it always will be. It's too bad Overfield's blind loyalty inhibits him from being able to sit back and laugh about times that were less than ideal.

BOB CHANDLER
Whittier, Calif.

THE WORLD CUP

Sir:

Congratulations on your coverage of World Cup '82: *three* articles within five issues (*Who'll Reign in Spain?* June 21 *et seq.*). The photographs and Clive Gammon's reporting captured all the flair and excitement of the world's most popular sport. My only complaint is that you didn't put one of those great pictures on your July 19 cover. Pete Rose and Carl Yastrzemski? You could have put them on the cover anytime. The World Cup occurs only once every four years.

THOMAS L. BOLSTER
Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Half the people in the world watched the Cup, and you put baseball on the cover? Compare the Cup final's "more than two billion viewers in 130 nations" to baseball's puny audience, and you'll see your error.

JIM FRANKLIN
Spokane, Wash.

• In the U.S., the World Cup final was telecast in English by ABC-TV and in Spanish by SIN, a mostly cable network. ABC estimates its telecast (rated 6.6, highest ever for soccer) had 25 million viewers. SIN, which reaches some 30 million households, four million of them Spanish-speaking, has no figures. The highest-rated (40.0) World Series game, Game 6 between the Phillies and the Royals in 1980, drew an NBC-TV audience of 77.4 million.—ED.

PETE AND YAZ

Sir:

I can't tell you how pleased I was to see the July 19 cover photo of Carl Yastrzemski and Pete Rose (*They're Playing the Sweet Swing Music of the 40s*). Yaz is quoted as saying, "Yesterday's game is totally forgotten." For the fans who've followed these two men's careers, yesterday's game will never be forgotten, today's game will be savored and tomorrow's game will be eagerly anticipated.

It seems very appropriate that the issue in which this article appeared came out just after the All-Star Game. Pete and Yaz represent the tops in their leagues.

THOMAS FANNING
Camden, N.Y.

Sir:

My dad took me to the forgotten Cincinnati Reds game that Pete Rose was ejected from a dozen years ago. It was on Sept. 9, 1969. As the lead-off hitter, Pete complained long and loud about Giants Pitcher Gaylord Perry "throwing spitballs." Pete may have gotten the thumb, but the umpire and Perry then had to survive the loudest catcalling I ever heard from the usually placid Reds fans. That one game gave us an idea of what baseball without Pete was like. Since he left for Philly, I've never been back.

TIM MURNANE
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

My first chance to see Pete Rose play in person came on Aug. 8, 1977 at Dodger Stadium. Alas, Rose was ejected in the third inning for arguing that a ball that shot down the third-base line—he was then playing third for the Reds—was foul. Manager Sparky Anderson was ejected on the same play. I can't blame Pete for forgetting this one; the Reds were shut out that night by Tommy John.

ED BOERTJE
Visalia, Calif.

OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM

Sir:

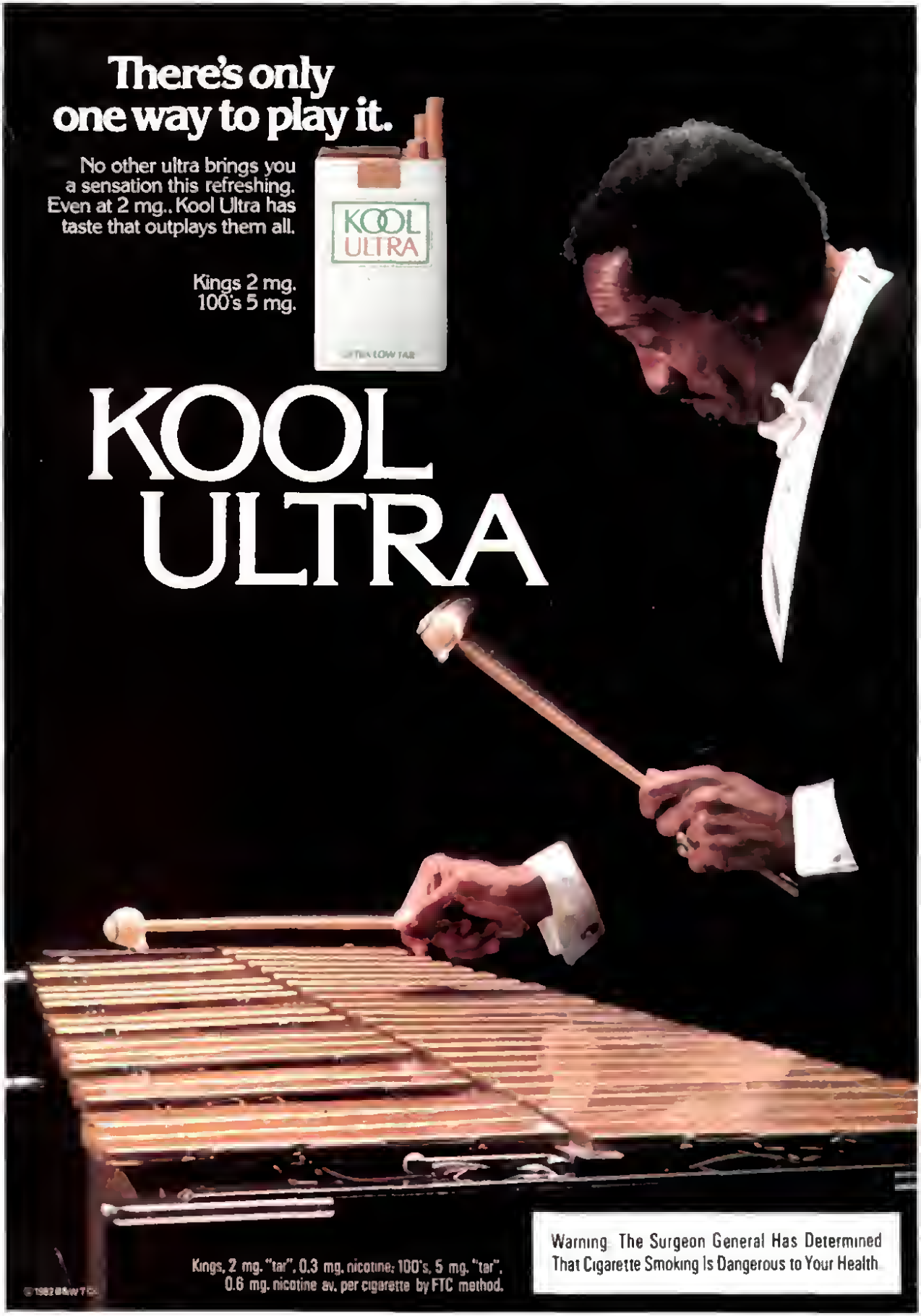
I found the photo of heavyweights Teskac Orago and Ed (Bad News) Turner awaiting the start of their bout at Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium (*A Dream House*, July 12) so eye-catching that I was wondering if you could tell me who woo the fight.

GORDON W. JONES
Lancaster, Pa.

• Orago won a four-round decision in that April 22 fight, his first as a pro. However, on May 13 Drago met Tony Fulilangi and was knocked out in the first round.—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.


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